

The
AMERICAN GIRL

April
1950 • 20¢



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The AMERICAN GIRL

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 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXXIII

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 4

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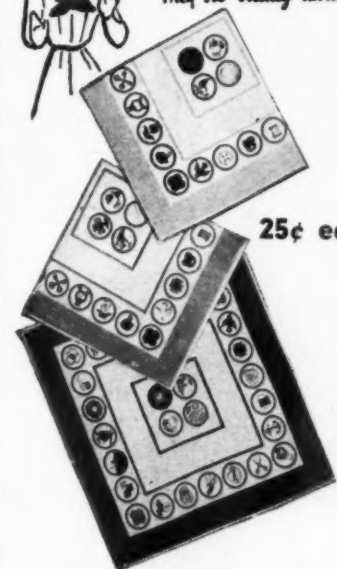


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1. Our class is having a Carnival and I'm in charge of the "fishpond." But I'm in a stew. To bait money-spending fishermen, I'll need a mow-em-down dress—and it looks impossible with the sorry state of my budget!



2. We're wrapping fishpond packages and one of the girls is late. "Sorry," she puffs, "but I had to pick up the belt to my new dress. How do you like it?" The dress is divine—I'm absolutely drooling and I can't resist asking "did it cost a fortune?"



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A Feeling for Human Interest

by LAVINIA R. DAVIS

USUALLY I like being the middle member of a large family, but sometimes when I have things on my mind I crave peace and privacy. The Saturday before our senior prom was one of those days, so I left home early, hoping that the Thrift Shop where I have a part-time job would be an oasis of quiet. Actually it was more like a combination circus, rat race, and junior tornado.

Ten minutes after I arrived, Mrs. Bogart, who runs the Thrift Shop, left me in charge while she went to the doctor. After that I didn't have time to take a deep breath, let alone come to grips with my sixty-four-dollar question, which was whether to go to the prom with Gaynor Barnes or Ted Stout. They're both nice boys

and I knew I'd have a good time with either, but senior prom is extra special so I wanted to think twice about which boy to go with. But how could I decide when the sleigh bells tacked over the shop door never stopped jangling and I was practically doing handstands trying to keep up with a rush on used garden tools, remnants, and other secondhand items?

I had just sold little Jimmy Askew a battered parrot cage when the bells sounded again, and the new man working for Bentley's Trucking Company came in carrying a small, old-fashioned trunk.

"Where's the boss?" he inquired as he put down the trunk.

"I'm in charge now," I said in my most grown-up

Bugs spoke up firmly. "Sorry, lady, but that Connors stuff is not yet for sale."

manner. "I assume you have brought over the bequests from the Connors estate?"

He took off his cap and his broad face looked pleasantly impressed. "That's right, Miss—er—?"

"Ransome," I told him. "Helen Ransome." Just then Bugs (Bruce to his mother) Bogart charged in, and the atmosphere changed instantly—for the worse.

"Hi, Gus," he greeted the truck driver. "Pinky tell you where to put that Connors stuff?"

The truck driver stared at me, and before I could stop myself my hand went up to my hair which is—well—a very light auburn. "We were just getting to that," he answered, amused now instead of impressed.

Bugs had been watching me, too, and now he put back his head and howled with laughter. Bugs isn't bad-looking if you like the unsophisticated type and his laugh is supposed to be carefree and infectious. At the moment I thought it was plain rude and I almost told him so. Bugs is three years older than I, and working his way through college by doing odd jobs for our local paper. Also, and much more to the point, he is the adored only son of a widowed mother who happens to be my employer. So I managed to keep my lips buttoned and turned to two customers who had just followed each other into the shop. The first customer was Mrs. Stout, who asked me if we had any secondhand Tuxedos that might do for her son Teddy; the other was an older woman I've never seen before.

"If you'd step over here, Mrs. Stout," I said. "I think we have just the thing. Double-breasted models are absolutely *de rigueur* this season."

Bugs snickered loudly and winked at the truck driver, but I forced myself to concentrate on Mrs. Stout. Meanwhile the new customer wandered around the shop touching everything from the dress rack to the shelf of oddities Mrs. Bogart and I spend our lives rearranging. Mrs. Stout is a nice woman, one of our best customers, and usually quick, but today she took forever; all the while that strange woman was pushing, prying, and upsetting everything in the place. I waited until I saw Bugs pay off the truck driver and then, as Jimmy Askew came in again followed by old Miss Compton, who buys most of our books, I thought up a way of finishing off two birds at once.

"Bruce Bogart would be happy to model for you, Mrs. Stout," I suggested. "He and Teddy are the same build."

THE SLEIGH bells sounded again and in walked a young man, but I hardly gave him a glance—I was so interested to see how Bugs would react to public modeling. It couldn't have been flatter. He flashed that grin of his at Mrs. Stout and peeled off his sweater, as unconcerned as though he were my kid brother's age and trying on clothes for Mum alone in the living room.

I asked the woman who had come in after Mrs. Stout if I might help her. She shook her head so hard, her featherduster of a hat nodded up and down like the trimming on the head of a circus horse. "No, thank you, dearie," she said. "I'm just looking around." And she went right on pulling at an orange crate of battered old pictures from the Connors estate that we hadn't even had time to price.

Jimmy was next, but all he wanted was the bird-cage stand which had been hidden behind an old coat tree that had come to us from the Elks Home. After I finished with him I helped Miss Compton find what she wanted, and then I turned to the young man who'd been waiting patiently for ages.

"I'm sorry to bother you when you're so busy, Miss," he said—and his slow smile was subtly flattering which is something Bug's grin will never be—"but I need help. I'm on my way through here on a business trip, and I have





Excitement to satisfy even reporter Bugs suddenly flared in the quiet Thrift Shop

to buy a birthday present for my aunt. I wonder if you would help me make an appropriate selection?"

"Of course," I answered, mentally registering that a man who looked like a smoother, younger edition of Humphrey Bogart *would* just be going through Beaverbrook. "We have quite a few charming pieces over on this table."

At that moment Mrs. Stout finished making her purchase, and Bugs saw her to the door. "You can't lose with that Tux," he said cheerfully, and then stood talking in the doorway about everything under the sun as though he hadn't a care in the world.

"Bugs!" I called finally and gestured toward the old lady with the feather-duster hat. "Please!"

Of course the young man I was serving couldn't say anything, but the look he gave first Bugs and then the old frump made it clear as crystal that he sympathized with my situation.

"That pitcher, now," he began diffidently, pointing to a small white job we've had on hand for weeks. "That's old, isn't it?"

"Definitely colonial," I said, and tried to remember whether Mrs. Bogart had called it agate or stoneware.

"Is it really? That's marvelous. Aunt Alice will be pleased. What else would you suggest?"

"There's this," I said, and pulled forward a small cut-glass bowl. "It isn't very old, but it's a good copy of an—*a Striebel pattern.*"

"I'll take that, too," the man said, and a few minutes later he left.

MEANWHILE Bugs hadn't done a thing except look at Old Feather Dusters who was still puttering around like a hen after a lost chick. I was just going to handle the matter myself when he spoke.

"Sorry, lady, but there's no dice on that Connors loot," he said. "My mother hasn't had a chance to price it yet."

"Oh, hasn't she?" The woman looked up at him with a placating smile. "Perhaps I could come back, this afternoon?"

"She won't be back until Monday," Bugs stated firmly and practically pushed the old lady out of the shop.

"That's one way of getting rid of customers," I said, and Bugs, who was already pulling the Connors things into the middle of the room, actually had the grace to look embarrassed.

"I probably shouldn't have hurried her," he said. "But when I met Mum at the doctor's I promised her we'd go over this stuff so she wouldn't have to come back at all today. Dr. Andrews wants her to have all the rest she can get."

"Meanwhile," I asked icily, "who keeps the shop open?"

"You do," Bugs answered. "Ablly aided and abetted by me except when I have to be down at the Tribune office from two to five."

"Which means I give up one perfectly good Saturday afternoon."

"I'm sorry," Bugs said quietly. "I wouldn't ask you if I didn't know you'd do anything in the world for Mum."

He had me there, and I started to go over the Connors things without another word. There wasn't such a lot besides the little trunk, an orange crate of crumbly unframed pictures and photos, and three paper cartons of assorted junk. It could have been done in no time if Bugs, who prides himself on knowing everything about everybody in town, even an old recluse like the late Miss Mary Connors, hadn't insisted on seeing a sentimental story in everything we unpacked. (Continued on page 28)

Illustrated
by Fred Irvin



Thirty Trips to Washington

by MARGARET CURTIS MCKAY

Illustrated by Nina Albright

YOU DON'T mean that I won't be able to go on the trip to Washington with the class!" Red looked imploringly at the doctor. "Four years we've worked and saved! Oh, you can't do this to me!"

Dr. Oliver looked at the small, contorted face, almost as white as the pillows, and his voice was very gentle.

"My dear," he said, "it would be no kindness not to be frank with you. You have a long, hard pull ahead."

Red stopped crying, surprised at the gravity of the doctor's tone. She pushed a lock of bright hair out of her eyes and stared at him.

"You don't mean that—maybe—" she choked back a sob— "that—maybe I won't be able to walk again—ever?" She gazed in sudden horror at the motionless ridges of the bedclothes which were her legs, so strangely inert.

The doctor took her hand and patted it. "I didn't say 'ever,'" he told her. "I said that you have a long pull ahead, and I'm afraid a hard one."

He talked to her for some time in his kindly voice. When he finished, Red felt despair settle like a dead weight on her spirit. Had her whole life been changed in a split second? She had been hurrying home, her head bent against the driving rain, when the hit-and-run driver had careened around the corner. And now, not only must she miss the long-planned spring vacation trip to Washington with her high-school class but she must go to the hospital, probably for months, and maybe—maybe she would never walk again.

Even if she ultimately regained the use of her legs, how could she possibly spend the best part of senior year in the hospital?

She groaned. "That awful hospital in Stapleton! Why?"

"It is the nearest one that—that has what you need."

"Twenty-five miles away," moaned Red, "and in that smoky, horrid old town! Why can't I stay home?"

But she knew without being told that it was impossible. She sighed and said, "There's Fairview only five miles away." Then she grinned feebly at the doctor. Fairview was a sanitarium on the top of Ludlow Mountain where, as Red well knew, only wealthy sick folk could afford to go for treatment and convalescence.

Pity was in the doctor's eyes and voice as he answered gently, "I wish you could go there, but you'll do very well in Stapleton."

"I'm—I'm not being a very good sport, am I?" Red quavered.

The doctor patted her shoulder, "Don't worry about that. Just concentrate on getting well."

But all Red could think of was the prospect of months in the hospital, and the trip to Washington which she must miss. Even the brief visit of her two best friends, Helen Moore and Sally Milburn, who dropped in after school, failed to cheer her. She stared at them so mournfully that Helen came quickly over to the bed and took her hand, exclaiming, "Red, old girl, buck up! You're going to be all right."

"I'll just die," Red said grimly. "That's what I'll do—in that smoky old hospital, miles and miles away from everybody!"

Sally, who was perched on the arm of a chair, shook her head. "Now, Red," she chided gently, "this is not a bit like you! You were the one who was always bucking us up—remember? You were always saying we could do anything if we just put our minds to it and worked!"

"I hope you all have a fine time in Washington," Red murmured wearily.

Helen said quietly, "We'll be thinking of you every minute, Red darling. The whole class is simply crushed that you—"

"Oh, I know—I know," interrupted Red, closing her eyes and turning her head.

As the two girls left the house Helen was near tears.

"It's just too awful," she said. "Red,

of all people, not to be going! Why, it was she who suggested the trip—remember?"

"I'll say!" answered Sally warmly. "Will you ever forget that class meeting—all of us green freshmen!"

"Remember when she jumped up to speak—the little redhead we'd never seen before?"

Helen nodded. "And remember—oh!" she interrupted herself, "there's Bob Meacham and Lem!"

Both Sally and Helen called, "Hi!"

The two boys came toward them, and as the four of them stood talking they were presently joined by Mike McGuire, Carter Benson, and Dot Mason, all leading members of the senior class.

Carter, who was class treasurer, said, "Guess how much we have in the treasury now, after last night's concert!" Then, unable to wait for guesses, he added impressively, "Thirteen hundred and seven dollars and forty-three cents!"

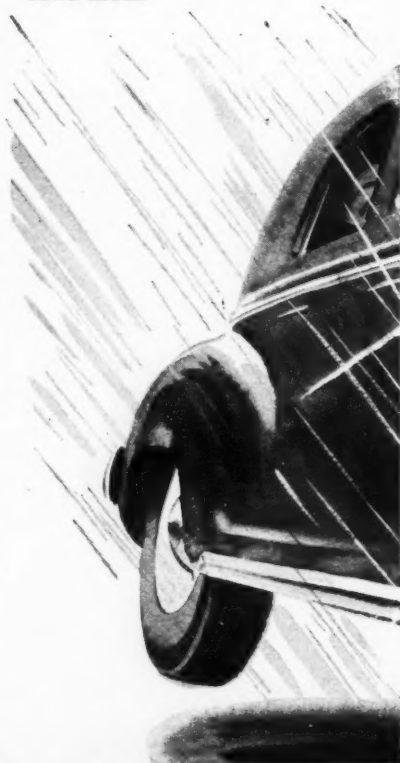
"Not bad—not bad!" drawled Bob.

"But boy, oh boy!" exclaimed Mike, "how we worked for it!"

"I'll say we did!" came the chorus.

"And no one worked harder than Red," added Dot. "Does anyone know how she is?"

Helen did not answer at once. In an absent-minded way she was listening to Bob Meacham. He was saying, "Arrangements are all completed. We can charter the Johnson bus, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will go along. The fellows will room at the Y.M.C.A. and—" His eye fell on Helen and he stopped abruptly. "What are you looking so down about?"



Then Helen told them the latest news about Red; about the legs that would not move and the long, hard months ahead in the hospital. They were shocked into momentary silence.

Finally Lem burst out, "Gosh! Red, of all people! The trip won't be half so much fun without her."

That seemed to be the way all of them felt. The idea that Red—prime mover of the undertaking, the one who had pepped them up during periods of discouragement, the class pet and pride, the life of every party—was laid low, might indeed, never walk again, was hard to accept.

"Tough all right," muttered Mike, "I can hardly imagine it."

"And to be stuck way off in that old hospital at Stapleton!" remarked Sally.

"Why doesn't Dr. Oliver put her in Fairview?" inquired Lem. "Now there is

a place I wouldn't mind being sick in myself."

"Fairview!" exclaimed Carter. "Wake up, man! The cheapest bed there costs ten dollars a day."

It was a dejected group of young people who drifted along the street under bare, arched branches. Spring came late to this little town in the foothills of the Alleghenys.

"It will be a lot warmer in Washington," Sally said. "I do hope the cherry blossoms will be out."

"If only Red—" began Helen and did not finish her sentence. She stared, unseeing, at a clump of snowdrops in the dooryard of a house they were passing. Suddenly she said, "Say, all you kids come over to my house, will you? I have an idea!"

Two days later the senior class of Pelham High trooped, in groups of

three or four, to the Boyd home to say good-bye to Red. They were scheduled to leave for Washington early the next morning. Dr. Oliver stood guard at Red's bedside and shooed them away after the briefest of farewells.

Red, bright curls framing her pale cheeks and big, blue eyes, looked at them wistfully, trying not to feel sorry for herself. They seemed so happy. They bubbled over with high spirits. She couldn't help feeling they might have seemed a little more regretful that she would have to miss the trip. But she stifled that thought and smiled and waved gaily.

When the last one had left, she gave a little sigh and closed her eyes wearily. Dr. Oliver patted her hand and cleared his throat gruffly.

"I've a pleasant surprise for you," he told her. "You're going to Fairview, not Stapleton."

Red's eyes popped open. "Oh!" was all she could say at first. Then, "How come? Have they a free ward?"

"They have a bed that they are glad to have you occupy."

Red was lost in the wonder of it. The nicest thing about it was her mother's happiness. "You'll be only five miles away instead of twenty-five," she rejoiced, looking more cheerful than she had looked for a long time.

(Continued on page 46)

The hit-and-run driver had careened around the corner



MANY PEOPLE have the mistaken idea that the Marshall Plan is just a huge free-for-all giveaway program, with Uncle Sam handing out billions and billions of dollars. You may have heard such comments as, "Why should we work hard for our money and let those people in Europe get things from us free?" But those people in Western Europe—the consumers who use the Marshall Plan goods—pay their own governments in full for what they receive.

"In that case," you may ask, "why do we need a Marshall Plan? Why don't they just pay us directly for the goods?" Because they pay for the goods in francs, in pounds, in lira—whatever the currency of their own country may be. They don't pay in dollars because they don't have enough dollars, and American businessmen and farmers naturally want dollars in payment for what they produce and sell. The reason the people in these countries don't have enough dollars is that they need to buy many more things from us than we buy from them. In trade terms, our exports are greater than our imports. So there is a "dollar gap" (that's the difference between what we sell and what we buy).

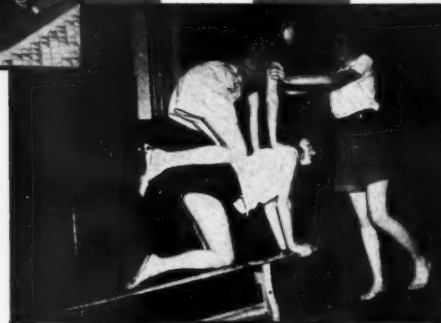
The damages caused by the war widened the dollar gap. In 1947 the situation seemed pretty discouraging. The people in Western Europe had spent most of the dollars they had on hand, and they were still a long way from recovery. *Before* they could get back on their feet again—*before* they could produce more and sell more to us and get more dollars—they needed food, medicines, machines, and many other things. Where would they get the dollars to pay for them? That was where the Marshall Plan stepped in.

Suppose your uncle had been ill in the hospital for several months and had spent all his savings. He could go back to his former job when he'd recovered, but he needed a month or so of rest to rebuild his strength. Meanwhile he needed money for medicines, for health-building food, for the support of his family. Your father offered to finance him during his period of recuperation. He might have done this through a loan if he thought your uncle could repay him without too great hardship. Or he might have done it through a gift if he felt that your uncle wouldn't be able to pay the money back for a long time, if ever, and, with all his other troubles, that an extra burden of debt would be too discouraging. In either case, your uncle got the necessary funds and in a short time was working again, well and independent.

That's just the sort of help, through gifts and loans, which the Marshall Plan is providing for the people of Western Europe. It's helping them open new businesses, produce more food, become stronger and healthier, do better work and become self-supporting, and rebuild the war damage.

Money for Marshall Plan aid comes out of our taxes. A definite amount has been set aside for the purpose by Congress, and the spending of the money is directed by an agency of our government known as the E.C.A. (Economic Cooperation Administration) which is headed by Paul G. Hoffman. Roving over Western Europe, checking on the progress of projects underway, seeing what is most needed to be done next, is W. Averell Harriman, Special Representative of the United States. He's the top E.C.A. official in Europe.

Some of the Marshall Plan funds go to European countries as loans, where loans seem advisable and don't create too heavy a burden of debt. Loans are made for the purchase of goods or services, for reconstruction, for starting new businesses or expanding old. Ireland, Sweden, Portugal, and Turkey have re-



Girls from four Marshall Plan countries. *Left—top to bottom:* Alette Pfeiffer of France; Diny Meijerink of The Netherlands; teaching her gymnastics class; Therèse Ballardur of France. *Right—top to bottom:* Olwyn Griffiths of England; Maghi and Mila Spani of Italy; Anna Maria and Gabriella Rigacci of Italy; Ann Hamilton of England

of Recovery

by ROSALIE CAMPBELL

ceived loans from the United States under the Marshall Plan.

Some of the Marshall Plan funds go to the various countries as grants, or you might say gifts. Grants are made where goods and services are desperately needed and a large dollar debt would be too heavy a burden. Our country does not expect to be paid back directly for these grants. But a strong and healthy Europe means a larger market for American goods, so in the end we hope to benefit indirectly. We also hope to keep the Marshall Plan countries free and independent.

Both grants and loans are approved by the E.C.A., which merely provides the money for purchases. Business firms or government purchasing agencies do their own buying through regular trade channels. When the needed things arrive in the particular country, the individual consumers pay their governments for what they obtain, in the currency of their country.

When goods are purchased through a grant from the United States, what the consumers pay goes into their country's "counterpart" or matching funds. Each country puts a dollar's worth of its own currency into these matching funds for every dollar

of recovery aid received. Say, for example, a grant is approved for \$100,000 worth of tractors to go to France. When the tractors arrive, each farmer who gets one pays for it in francs, which go to his government and contribute to building up the matching funds. The French government puts the \$100,000 worth of francs into the funds when E.C.A. makes the dollars available to pay for the tractors.

Now what happens to the matching funds? Five per cent of the money is used by the United States to pay the cost of directing the Marshall Plan in Europe and to buy essential materials which we need. Ninety-five per cent of the money is used for projects that will benefit the people as a whole in the particular country. The projects may be road building, draining marshes, building dams, or rebuilding a town—whatever that country's government and the E.C.A. together decide are most needed.

Have you ever heard it said that Marshall Plan dollars "are used twice" or "do double duty"? First, Marshall Plan dollars make available to the people needed goods from the United States. Second, the people benefit from the recovery projects financed by the matching funds.

Austria, Greece, the Free Territory of Trieste, and Western Germany have received grants under the Marshall Plan. Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, France, Iceland, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, and the United Kingdom have received both loans and grants. These countries, plus the loan countries already mentioned, and Switzerland (which has received no aid) are the countries participating in the Marshall Plan today—a total of eighteen countries with a population of approximately 250,000,000 people.

In both 1948 and 1949 the needs of these countries were divided almost evenly between industrial items and food and agricultural goods. Most of the Marshall Plan money has been spent for these things. Smaller sums have been spent for ocean freight (to ship materials across) and for technical assistance. The funds for technical assistance sent our experts to the various countries or brought their experts to us, so that "know-how" might be exchanged and production increased.



And what do the people in Western Europe really think about the Marshall Plan? And especially, what do teenagers think of it? **THE AMERICAN GIRL**, with the help of E.C.A., gives you firsthand answers to these questions.

Teen-age girls in four Marshall Plan countries were asked to write and tell readers of this magazine how the Marshall Plan has affected their day-to-day living. And here are their letters, written to you—and you—and you. As you read these letters you will see that through giving material aid in goods and services, actually we have given much more: new hope, confidence, and faith in the future. The E.C.A. emblem identifying all Marshall Plan shipments has come to be a symbol of recovery.

ALIETTE PFEIFFER (age 15) Paris, France: What a lot has changed here in the last two years! Two years ago France was a country still unhappy, not yet recovered from her war injuries. Food was rare, cloth and clothes not to be found.

Visitors were struck by the thinness and pallor of the children, the sadness and slowness of everyone. They expected Frenchmen to be alert and quick-witted and found them slow and sleepy. The shops were empty.

Now everything has changed. Thanks to the generous help of the United States, our country looks normal again and has resumed its activity. Children look well again, because as soon as the Marshall Plan began it brought the food they needed. Raw materials arrived too to rebuild our machines and make the wheels turn once more. In a word, Paris is gay, people are full of life and confidence, and they are happily at work again.

No one here will forget that just as Lafayette helped you, long ago, to be born as a nation,

so General Marshall helped us to be reborn after the most tragic crisis of our history since the heroic days of Joan of Arc.

THERÈSE BALLADUR (age 15) Le Vesinet, France: Although we are thousands of miles apart I want to write this little note to tell you of our gratitude.

Two years ago we were still shattered by the German occupation. Thanks to your liberation, hope springs again within us. But this war left behind it many disasters which we never could have overcome without your help.

Even though I am young I have gradually understood, from my father and my brothers, just what the Marshall Plan has done for us.

I ate Marshall Plan bread when France lacked wheat after a cruel winter; I have seen houses built in the towns most badly damaged; dams which were started to give us more light; and tractors and machines sent on ships to increase the production of our industry and give jobs to many workers. And so many children afflicted with horrible disease who have been saved from death and will be able to see and enjoy the rebirth of France. I would like to send all of you a great big "Thank You" from a little French girl who has known the horrors of war and who wondered if her father would ever smile again. He did, because France is regaining confidence and hope, thanks to the Marshall Plan.

DINY MEIJERINK (age 18) The Hague, The Netherlands: A few days ago the headmaster of our normal school told us that we could write a letter to American girls, if we liked to do that. Of course, we asked him a thousand questions but he himself didn't know much about the American girl's we had to write to.

Yet I'll try to write a jolly letter to you. Please, write back soon, I'm very eager to hear about you, your work, your country.

The Dutch people, and especially I, like Uncle Sam. We are very thankful that he gives his Marshall Aid to Holland, and you may believe that all the Dutch people are working hard to make our Holland again what Holland was before the war.

Our headmaster told us about the very high taxes the Americans have to pay. In a weekly paper I lately read that the American often grumbles and murmurs about the taxes and the Marshall Aid. I hope that you understand that it's for the good of the U.S.A. as well as for the good of Europe. And we Dutch know very well that we have to work strenuously and hard!

Oh, dear me, I have forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Diny Meijerink (pronounce: Dee-nee, with the ee of street) and I'm eighteen years old. I am at a normal school and hope to be a teacher in 1951. I am very fond of children! Every Monday morning I have to go to a school where I teach the children of the second class (7 years old). The other days I have to learn my Dutch, English, French, German, mathematics, arithmetic, physics, biology, pedagogy, psychology, literature, reading, writing, singing, drawing, manual labour, gymnastics, history, geography, etc. You see, more than enough!

I have one brother of twenty-five years old; he is a (Continued on page 46)



Upper left: A caterpillar bulldozer for the construction program of Electricité de France is hoisted out of ship's hold; Inset: A street on the island of Welcheren, flooded for strategic reasons by bombing of dyke; Upper right, The same street, reclaimed from the sea by the Dutch, with the help of E.C.A. matching funds. Lower left: Road building near Cassino, Italy—a Marshall Plan project. Lower right: Cartons of prunes from California arrive at docks in London



ARE YOU making the most of your good looks? Do you know what to do about your beauty problems? Are you on the beauty beam? With spring coming round again, check up on yourself with this quiz, based on health, personality, and good-grooming articles which appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* during the past year. You might work it out with several other girls and see who's tops in beauty know-how.

Of course, just knowing the right answers isn't enough. To be on the beauty beam you must put your know-how into daily practice, the year round. Then when an important party or date comes along, you'll be all ready for it, not frantically rushing around at the last minute to get yourself in good shape.

If you have followed the articles faithfully, you should be ridin' right with a score near one hundred. If you score above eighty, you're doing well; above sixty you're headed in the right direction, but there's plenty of room for improvement. Below that, you're pretty well off the beam and you'd better bone up on beauty!

HANDS AND GLOVES

(a) To keep your hands soft and smooth, there are at least two occasions when you might put on gloves, besides wearing them when you are dressed up. Four points for each one you can name.

(b) After you wash or soak your hands, there's one thing you *should* do about your cuticles, and one thing you *should not* do about your nails. Four points for each correct answer.



by GAIL McNEILL

Drawing by Clare McCanna



MIXES TO MATCH

In the left column are four figure types; in the right, there is one "best style" for each figure. They are now mixed up. Can you unscramble them and list them in their proper order? Three points for each correct answer.

- | | |
|----------|-------------------|
| a. Tall | Princess lines |
| b. Short | Semiflared skirts |
| c. Thin | Long jackets |
| d. Plump | Boxy coats |

MORE MIXES TO MATCH

Here are the four figure types again, with a "style to avoid" for each. They are mixed up now, and you are to arrange the styles in the proper order. Three points for each correct answer.

- | | | | |
|----------|-----------------|----------|----------------|
| a. Tall | Sleeveless tops | c. Thin | Ruffles |
| b. Short | High waistlines | d. Plump | Belted jackets |

SOUND EFFECTS

If you know a bit about voices, you should be able to tell which of the following statements are true and which are false. Three points for each correct answer.

- A beautiful voice is made, not born.
- If, like many teen-agers, you talk at too high a pitch, in a loud tone, there's nothing much you can do about it until you are older.
- You should be especially careful of your voice while you are in your teens.
- A charming voice depends to a great extent on correct posture and breathing.

(Continued on page 32)



THE STORY SO FAR: "Is it fair to become friendly with Connie Ciminelli when you know she won't be accepted by your Country Club crowd?" Austin Bennett asked his daughter, Gail, when he requested her to stop driving Connie to Pontatuck, the Italian section of Northport. Spurred by her desire to keep Connie's friendship, Gail launched a plan for a Youth Center where all the students could get together. Vito Daddona, embittered by real and fancied slights, created an ugly scene by declaring he had overheard Austin Bennett say he did not want his daughter to be friends with anyone from Pontatuck. Gail was upset over the effect of this on Connie.

PART TWO

IN THE DUSK, the Pontatuck River was a pale silver cummerbund encircling the Italian settlement. Connie stood on the back porch of her house, watching the wind bend the tall river grasses, and smelling the frostiness of autumn as it mingled with Mom's cooking. In her mind's eye she could see again the ugly scene in the cafeteria. Once more she felt the sharp pity and warm sympathy that Gail's predicament had aroused.

"Baby, you come in now," Mom called. "We're ready to eat."

The kitchen was fragrant with the aroma of peppers and tomatoes from Mom's canning. Pop had already begun to eat. Connie's oldest brother, Orlando, sat bent over the table, his nose in a book as usual. Like her parents, he had been born in Italy, yet with his fair hair, blue eyes, and tall stature, he was the least Italian-looking of them all. Mom hurried around the table, putting down a platter of *lasagné*, plates of bread and cheese.

"Where are Dominick and Salvatore?" Connie asked.

"Dominick is working. He has a big case in court tomorrow. And Salvatore—" Mom shrugged eloquently. "Salvatore is always late."

Connie heard the front door open as she sat down. That would be Salvatore now. He always came in like a gust of fresh air, shouting his lungs out, slapping Pop on the back, kissing Mom, bragging about his latest real estate sales. Tonight he was in an especially good humor. He teased Mom with his old joke about how she kept beans in the coffee jar, and sugar in the salt jar, and salt in the sugar jar, because she couldn't read English. He asked Connie how many hearts she had broken today. He raved about Mom's *lasagné*, swore she was the best cook in the world, and sang "Fair Napoli" at the top of his lungs until Pop said, fondly, "Stop, Salvatore. That is enough showing off now."

Pop had just passed the cheese when there was a

By AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustrated by Paul Burns



knock on the kitchen door. Vito Daddona wanted to use the telephone. Connie, still hurt and angry over the scene he had caused in the cafeteria, did not look at him as he passed her to go into the other room.

When he returned, he helped himself to a piece of cheese and inquired of the family, "I suppose Connie told you about the crazy stunt Gail Bennett pulled today?"

Connie, stacking the dishes at the sink, almost dropped Mom's big meat platter. Her back stiffened as Orlando asked with interest, "What kind of stunt, Vito?" Orlando worked at the Bennett pump factory and was always curious about gossip connected with the Bennetts.

"She wants to start a youth center in this town. I hear they've got a big meeting planned for tomorrow afternoon."

"A youth center?" Mom asked. "What is that? A place to buy clothes for children?"

Vito laughed harshly. "No. A place where kids like Connie and me can go so they won't be on the streets nights."

Mom was offended. "My Connie is not on the streets nights."

Salvatore pushed back his chair and joined in the conversation. "Lots of towns are starting those places. I like the idea. Gives the kids a chance to get together for decent fun. Wish we'd had a place like that when I was a kid."

"You mean this place is to be for everyone?" Orlando asked. "The children from Pontatuck and the ones from up there, too?"

"That's what's crazy about it," Vito jeered.

"I don't think that's so crazy," Salvatore was unusually serious. "That's just what this town needs. Might help us get to know each other better."

"No, Sal," Mom shook her head. "It is like mixing water with olive oil." She picked up the oil bottle and poured some of it into a glass of water. "See, the water is water and the oil is oil."

Orlando pushed back his chair and got up. "I agree with you, Mom. I don't approve of it, and I don't think it will work." He put his arm around her shoulder. "Don't you worry. Let them start their youth center. But mark my words. Mr. Bennett will close it up. As sure as my arm is around you, Mom, he'd shut any place like that down."

THE NEXT day in last period study hall Connie sat staring at the open page of her Latin book. She was thinking about Gail and her big idea when the buzzer sounded three times in warning that an announcement was coming over the loud-speaker from the principal's office. Mr. Seeley's voice, curt and businesslike, ordered, "Will Concetta Ciminelli please report to the office at once."

Everyone turned to look at Connie. She hesitated a second, then gathered up her books and hurried to the door.

When she entered Mr. Seeley's office, the first thing she saw was Salvatore, in his best gray suit and a new tie, sitting right under the framed photograph of George Washington. He looked so solemn, she wanted to laugh.

Mr. Seeley came right to the point. "I understand there is to be a meeting of a committee to investigate the matter of a youth center this afternoon, Concetta."

Puzzled, she answered, "Yes, Mr. Seeley. In the cafeteria. We got together during lunch hour and appointed Gail chairman since it was her idea, and we have permission from your office to meet."

He nodded. "Your brother would like to attend."

Connie's bewilderment became concern. Had Mom and Orlando won Salvatore over to their side and sent him here to interfere? It didn't seem like good-natured Salvatore to want to spoil things. Then Salvatore and Mr. Seeley shook hands, and the principal said to Connie, "I'll leave your brother in your hands. He wants to speak to the meeting." He smiled. "He's confided in me, but it's a secret mission and I mustn't tell." Connie felt a little easier.

SHE AND Salvatore were caught up in a noisy crowd that filled the hall as the last period buzzer sounded. Her friends called, "Hi, Connie!" and stared curiously at Salvatore.

When they reached the cafeteria, John D'Andrea, Michaelina Agresta, Tony Ricci, Bruce and Nancy Wheeler, and a large group of other students were already there. Doug and Gail soon came in. Connie introduced Salvatore to Gail and explained what Mr. Seeley had said. Gail grasped his hand warmly, smiled at him, and said, "Connie talks about you a lot." Connie was glad they seemed to like each other right away.

They sat down and Gail suggested, "Since Mr. Ciminelli is a busy real estate man and we mustn't waste his time, suppose we let him tell us why he's here before we go ahead with our plans."

Salvatore pulled a card from his pocket. "What I've got to say won't take long." He grinned. "No long-winded speeches from me!" Reading from the card he said, "Ten acres of land, mostly meadow with a pond and brook. Fifteen-room house. Property of Thaddeus Gregory family. Situated just off the bridge that divides the town. Will rent on two conditions: client must make own repairs and agree to vacate at once if place is sold."

He looked around at them. "How'd you like to take over this little shack and fix it up for one of these teen-center places?"

Gail leaned toward him. (Continued on page 34)

Connie sat up in bed and thought: Something important is going to happen



Paul C. Brown

Is there a brother in your life?



by CLAIRE TAYLOR

Drawing by Adele Isenburg

SIT DOWN, sister, I know all about it. You have a brother, live and sizzling, and there's just no living with the creature. If he's older than you, if he picks you up in one brawny scoop and shakes the nickels out of your jeans, you wish fervently that he were little and angelic like the blond cherub next door.

If you are the sister of the blond cherub who puts moist green frogs in your bed regularly every week, you look longingly at your big, genial neighbor who seems too mature for that sort of thing.

Oh, yes, I've heard all the moans—and I can match them sob for sob. I've been through the mill. I'm a full-fledged, lifetime member of the sorority, paid up in tears, anguish, and woe—all of which were quite unnecessary.

"But nobody is quite like *my* brother," you wail. Nobody was like my brother either.

In the first place, he was four years younger than I and never realized his "proper place." I would give a command in a nice firm voice, and he would stand on one leg like a stork and jeer, "Who do you think you are, Cleopatrik?" Or, worse, he would salaam, wiggle his ears, and chant, "Yes, O Queen, with nose so green." It was enough to drive a body mad.

Those weren't his only sure-fire methods of annoying me. He could pop his gum like a veteran; he could crack his knuckles, and he had a habit of holding his nose and going "Gonk, gonk, gonk," like a dying duck until my nerves were ready to jump through my skin.

Moreover, he was sloppy. His pants pockets bulged vulgarly with trash, and he carried "things" on a barbed-wire belt wound around his middle. There was a squirrel skull, a flashlight, a bunch of rusty keys, and a skunk tail that smelled to high heaven when it rained.

He was impudent to boot. He made awful faces. He screwed his freckled features into impossible shapes so that his nose was a mocking pink button and his eyes were gleaming slits of mischief. I often wanted to shake him till his teeth rattled. You probably know the feeling.

As far as I was concerned, he had no problems, never suffered as I did, was as tough as an old rubber boot, and was put upon the earth chiefly for my despair and discomfort.

I tried everything. I used fists. I used sarcasm. And, at last, I ignored him. Things progressed from bad to simply gruesome, and I often vowed that the house was not big enough for both of us.

Then one night I discovered something. He was busy gluing and fitting together an intricate model plane. I blustered in ready to tell him to stop whatever he was doing and run an errand, when I saw the plane. It was a clean, patient, skillful job of assembly. He looked up at me defensively, the corners of his mouth twitching, ready with an answer in case I was going to be high and mighty again.

"That's good," I couldn't help remarking. "I couldn't do as well myself. Let me see it, will you?"

He nearly fell off the chair. (Continued on page 41)

There's a tiny cluster of daisies at the waist of this "Prize Purchase," designed by Sandra Lee. The sheer flocked swiss is given a crisp look with white piqué in a small round collar, yoke, and wide bands on the bouffant skirt. It comes in navy, red, dark green, gray, and copen blue, in teen sizes 10-16. Easy to care for and easy to wear, you'll find it at a value price just under \$8 at the stores listed on page 28

Photographed by Ormond Gigli at Goldfarb's, New York City

white piqué cloche by Madcap • short white gloves by Shalimar



*Prize
Purchase*

Pastel Portfolio

For spring-into-summer, choose a cotton in a pretty pastel! From simple broadcloths to the most delicately worked sheers, they offer such a wide variety that you'll be dressed to go anywhere, any time

Novelty-surface cottons, shown on this page in buttercup yellow, were selected for their interesting texture. You will find them at the following stores: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Blum Store, Philadelphia; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; A. Harris, Dallas



Youth Guild's tailored dress of taffa dot has a wing collar, button front, and a bow on each short sleeve. Teen sizes 10-16, for about \$11

Narrow Irish lace edges the round collar and big pockets of this pretty picolay dress by Teen Charmers. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$8

Lighter than air but practical, too, sheer
cottons are easy to launder. In morning-
glory blue, they are at Filene's, Boston;
Sakowitz, Houston; Bullock's, Los
Angeles; Hudson's, Detroit; Bam-
berger's, Newark; Woodward &
Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



Crisp piqué trims the collar, bodice,
and pockets of Petiteen's dotted-swiss
dress. About \$9, subteen sizes 10-14

There's a delicate embroidered
yoke on the bodice and skirt of
Paramount's crisp organdy dress.
Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$9



Berk uses striped dimity in this flounce-
skirted dress with tuck-pleat front and
velvet ties. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$9

More pastels on page 20

Ellen Hewitt of Children's House designed this dress with a deep cape collar lined with two contrasting colors. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$11



Teen Timers' shepherd dress has a low neckline, laced bodice, flared skirt, cuffed pockets. Broadcloth in sizes 7-15 for teens, about \$6

Eyelet trims the pockets and top of a cool sleeveless dress by Junior First. It's made of fine chambray in teen sizes 8-16. About \$9

Smooth broadcloth and chambray, perennial favorites for spring, are shown here in hyacinth pink. At: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Hudson's, Detroit; McCreery's, New York City; and at the Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Drawings by Hilda Glasgow

Play Ball!

by DOROTHY ROSS

THOUGH IT'S but an infant in the sports world, softball has grown so fast that today it's the leading outdoor sport in this country. And it's a favorite with girls and women as well as with men and boys. In fact, it's been called "the women's national pastime." Over a million women play softball regularly or occasionally, and in some parts of the country more women play this game than are engaged in all other competitive sports combined.

Some claim that the softball game began in Canada, and later moved to the Midwestern United States. Others say that the East was the cradle of the sport. Most sources agree that the game started at the turn of the twentieth century. Softball is, of course, a direct offshoot of baseball. It was originally an indoor game, designed to fill the need for a sport—resembling baseball as closely as possible—that could be played indoors during the cold months when baseball was out of season. The game mushroomed in popularity, and for lack of enough indoor playing space soon moved outdoors. Girls and women have been playing the game in ever-increasing numbers for the past twenty years.

The chief differences between softball and baseball are in the size of the ball, the bat, and playing area. The softball is larger and heavier; the softball bat, thinner and lighter; and the softball playing field is smaller, with sixty feet rather than ninety feet between bases. Except for the style of pitching, the rules and object of the game are like those for baseball. Both games have two teams of nine players, each striving to get the most runs. Softball teams used to have an extra player, the short fielder—but now they have the same nine players as in baseball. However, the softball game has seven innings instead of nine, and the shorter distances between bases make it faster.

Whether you are tall or short, slight or heavy, you can learn to play softball well. You don't need unusual physical strength, and the danger of injury is slight. The rules and techniques are so simple that you can learn them quickly. And a steady diet of softball doesn't develop bulging muscles, but may help you win that tussle with the scales and attain a streamlined figure.

You have probably played softball at some time or other. But, a lasting interest in the game depends largely on your playing ability. If you learn to play well, your interest will grow rapidly, because any game is more fun when you've gotten beyond the "duffer" stage. Actually, you can be the standout on your team if you're willing to give some time and thought to the matter. Let's look at the skills the game requires—throwing, pitching, catching, batting—and see how you can improve your game no matter what position you play.

Correct and accurate throwing is usually a big problem for girls, as many are inclined to throw with a weak forearm motion. Fortunately, this is a fault that you can work on and correct easily. First of all, to get strength behind your throw and to attain consistent accuracy, you must use the proper form.

The throw most commonly used in softball, except for pitching, is the overhand throw. For this, grasp the ball with your thumb and first two fingers. Your right hand (if you are right-handed, of course) is drawn back about shoulder-high to a point just behind the ear. The weight rests on the right foot and the body is twisted slightly to the right, with the left side turned almost in the direction of the throw. Bring the arm up and forward, letting the ball come off the fingers and advancing the weight to the left foot as the ball is thrown. (Continued on page 37)

When you are at bat, stance, swing, grip, and timing are all important; but timing is most vital in successful softball hitting



Fielding a ground ball: To catch a ball below the waist, cup hands with little fingers together, the hands pointed downward

The pitcher has twisted her body and shoulders, throwing arm is back for pitch. She is about to step forward on her left foot



A baseman stretching toward an expected throw. To catch a ball above the waist, point your fingers up with thumbs together

Pitcher, about to start her wind-up. The softball pitch must be an underhand throw, and there are strict rules for delivery



Photographs courtesy of A. S. Barnes and Co., from "Softball for Girls" by Viola Mitchell

Swinging Toward Summer



4652

4652: The wide-belted, sleeveless top of this frock actually is a jacket which can be slipped off for sunning. For sizes 11-17; dress and jacket, in 13, take $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35" fabric

4554: Wide shoulders and cuffed pockets are clever details of this casual for sizes 12-18, perfect for summer in cool cotton or gingham. Size 16 will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" material



4554

Blouse
4953

Skirt
4614

Each Pattern 25c

4953: This pattern for a sleeveless or cap-sleeve blouse, in sizes 10-18, also includes a halter gilet. The blouse will take $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35" material for size 16; the gilet $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards

4614: A smartly styled skirt, easy to make and easy on the budget! Waist sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, each requiring just 1 yard 54" material. It has only one pattern piece, plus belt and peplum



9222: Its fashion-wise simplicity of line makes this a perfect graduation dress for sizes 12-18. The pattern includes embroidery transfer. You'll need $4\frac{1}{6}$ yards 39" material for size 16

4598: The buttoned-on sailor collar adds smartness to this sun-back dress, which also can be made in a boned, strapless version. For sizes 11-17; size 13 takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" fabric

9225: This frock is designed for sizes 10-16, and with its tucked skirt and bodice, would be crisp and cool in a striped or figured cotton. Size 12 will need $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" material

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy clipout order blank, please turn to page 39.



SANDWICHES

If you want something different in sandwiches, do try these favorites of American Girl readers

YOUR SCHOOL lunch will be tempting, your refreshments for the gang delicious and a bit different if you make use of some of the sandwich ideas sent in this month by readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. You'll also find quite a few hearty sandwiches that you will enjoy for luncheon or supper with the family. So many hundreds of recipes were sent in that selection was very difficult.

The "Recipe Exchange" for July is now open. The subject is "Ice Cream and Frozen Desserts." See page 38 for details.

MEAL-IN-ONE SANDWICH

A glorified edition of the familiar Western or "Denver" sandwich, using bacon instead of ham.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 slices bacon | Few grains pepper |
| 1 egg | Mayonnaise |
| 1 tablespoon chopped onion | 1 slice American cheese |
| 2 tablespoons chopped celery | 1 slice tomato |
| 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper | 1 leaf lettuce |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 2 slices enriched bread |

Fry bacon until crisp. Pour off most of fat, leaving small amount in skillet. Drain bacon on absorbent paper. Beat eggs; add onion, celery, green pepper, salt, and pepper. Pour mixture into skillet and cook slowly until egg is set. Turn with a spatula and brown lightly on the other side. Spread bread with mayonnaise. Place cheese on one slice, over it the egg, then the tomato, bacon strips, and the lettuce. Top with remaining slice of bread, and serve hot. Serves 1.

Sent by

CHARLOTTE McDANNALD, Portsmouth, Virginia

TURKEY SANDWICH

An unusual way to use leftover tur-

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

Drawing by Kelly Oechali

key. Hearty enough with a green salad for a luncheon or supper main dish.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1 1/2 cups cold turkey, chopped fine | 1/4 teaspoon poultry seasoning (optional) |
| 3/4 cup stuffing, or mashed potatoes | 2 eggs, beaten |
| 4 tablespoons turkey gravy | 4 tablespoons margarine or butter |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | Cranberry jelly |
| 6 round sandwich buns | |

Mix turkey, stuffing, gravy, salt, poultry seasoning, and eggs. Form into 6 flat patties. Dust lightly with flour. Heat margarine or butter in large skillet and fry patties to a golden brown on each side. Push to one side of skillet. Split buns and lightly brown the inner side of each half in the hot fat in the skillet. Put a slice of cranberry jelly on the bottom half of each bun, then the patty, and finally top with other half of bun. Serve very hot.

Sent by

PATRICIA DUKE, Porterville, California

COLD TONGUE SANDWICH

Joan's mother concocted this unusual sandwich for a lunch-box treat. As Joan says, "Be sure to make more than one for each person. They are yummy!"

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 2 slices rye bread | Peanut butter |
| Butter or margarine | Mint jelly |
| 1 slice cold tongue | |

Thinly spread butter or margarine on each slice of bread. Spread one slice with peanut butter, the other with mint jelly. Place the tongue in between.

Sent by

JOAN M. HUME, Headquarters, Idaho

BOLOGNA-CHEESE CLUB SANDWICH

A slightly different version of the pop-

ular club sandwich. Bologna and egg-salad mixture may be made a few hours in advance and stored.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1/2 cup (3 ounces) ground bologna sausage | 1 tablespoon mayonnaise |
| 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle | 12 slices whole wheat or enriched bread |
| 2 tablespoons onion, chopped | 1/4 cup soft butter or margarine |
| | 4 thick slices American cheese |

Combine bologna sausage, egg, sweet pickle, onion, mayonnaise, and salt. Spread bread with butter or margarine. Cover 4 slices of bread with bologna and egg-salad mixture and top with 4 more slices of bread. Top each second slice with cheese and a third slice of bread. Yield: 4 triple-decker sandwiches. Bread may be toasted if desired.

Sent by

PATTY CHESTNUT, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

SURPRISE SANDWICH

Here's a refreshing way to increase the raw vegetables in your diet. Try it for picnics or in the school lunch box.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1/2 cup shredded raw carrot | 2 tablespoons mayonnaise |
| 1/4 cup diced celery | 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 1/4 cup minced green pepper | 1/2 teaspoon minced onion |
| 1/4 cup chopped salted peanuts | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| | Few grains pepper |

Blend together all ingredients. Spread on whole wheat bread. Makes about 3 sandwiches.

Sent by

SANDRA BLACK, Houston, Texas

ORIENTAL SANDWICH

A nice, chewy fruit sandwich suitable for either school lunches or afternoon parties.

(Continued on page 39)

WIN \$600.

Enter your best snapshots in the National High School Photographic Awards

\$3,500 in cash awards . . . and the Grand Prize winner walks away with a total of \$600 . . . 335 other prizes—for pictures, for snapshots, for the fun of it, plus prestige for you and your school.

The four classes offer a place for any picture you may make—or may have made recently. Look through these classes, read the rules . . . and get busy! The contest opened January 12—it closes April 14.

Send in your entries NOW

Here are the 4 classes:

1. School Life—For pictures of the sort your school yearbook or paper could or should use . . . pictures of all sorts of school activities (excepting sports and athletics, see Class 3) in class, in assembly, in social affairs, clubs, school projects, and all the thousand-and-one interests that together mean "school."

2. Fine Art—A special class for pictures made with artistic intent. The subject does not matter, but the "handling" does. This is the class for scenics in town or country, for creative close-ups of animate or inanimate subjects, for any picture carefully composed and so photographed that it will command the respect of artists and fine photographers.

3. Sports—Here is the class for your pictures of sports and athletics, *in school or out*, wherever you and the gang gather to play or to watch others play . . . at the stadium, in the gym, out at the town's ball park, in somebody's table tennis room, or the bowling alley, or out on a sandlot diamond. Action shots, side-line details, pictures of frenzied fans . . . anything related to sport.



4. Everyday Life—For pictures of life in your community *outside school*. They'll show goings-on-about-town, your family, your friends, your neighbors and their babies, pets, and hobbies. They'll show what you do on holidays and in camp; they'll show postmen, aviators, traffic cops, clergymen—all sorts of people, places, and things. A Man from Mars would learn from these pictures how we Earthlings live.



Some of last year's top winners

Read these Rules:

You're eligible if you're a regularly enrolled student attending daily any public, private, or parochial high school (grades 9 through 12) in the United States.

Enter any picture made by you without professional photographic help, since May 1, '49. You need not have done the developing, printing, or enlarging. Pictures should be black-and-white (no color) . . . un-retouched . . . from single negatives . . . un-mounted . . . and, if enlarged, no larger than 7 by 7 inches.

Pictures may have been or may be used in your school publications, but not otherwise—not in other contests, for example. Enter as many pictures as you please . . . as often as you please . . . Entries will not be returned.

Do NOT send the negatives, but be sure you have them, in case we call for them. Also, know who the people are who show up clearly in your pictures; the sponsors may need to have permission from them.

Use any make of camera or film. The sponsor will re-classify your entry if, by so doing, its chances can be improved. The judges, whose decisions are final, will be publicly announced later.

USE THIS ENTRY BLANK

Photographic Awards, 313 State Street, Rochester 4, N. Y. On the back of each picture entered, write clearly (1) your name and address (2) title of the picture (3) contest class, and (4) kind of camera and film used.

Print Your Name
Mr. Miss _____

Home Address _____

City _____ State _____

Grade In School _____ Age _____

National High School Photographic Awards
343 State Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.

I submit _____ prints for entry in the 1950
National High School Photographic Awards.

These photographs were taken by me since May 1, 1949. They have not been, and will not be, sold or submitted in any other contest pending the conclusion of the National High School Photographic Awards for 1950. On request I will furnish a formal assignment for the picture and publication permission from persons appearing in it on forms supplied by sponsors. If one of my photos receives an award, it shall become the property of the sponsors or their assigns. I have read the rules.

(Signature) _____

Name of High School _____

School Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

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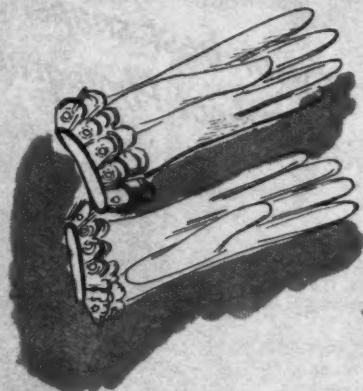
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TEEN SHOP *talk*

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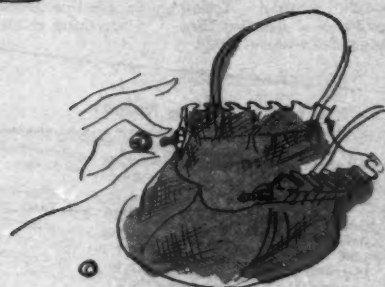


Delicate sheer nylon in a dressy shortie glove by Dawnelle, has a double row of circles embroidered on the cuff. At E. W. Edwards, Rochester, they're \$2.95

The chunky jewel-trimmed charm on this gold-finished bracelet is really a small compact complete with a powder puff and mirror. By Einco, it's \$2.95* at B. Altman, New York City



Vogue's plastic patent-leather contour belt has a dressy double loop. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., has it for \$2



Pastel picolay pouch bag by Teen Town comes off frame for easy washing. \$2 at Hudson's, Detroit

* Please add 20% Federal tax

talk

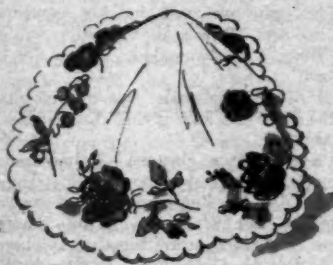
For new little collars—Heineman's small clusters of flowers on men's tie pins or collar clasps. Only \$1 each at Best & Co., New York City



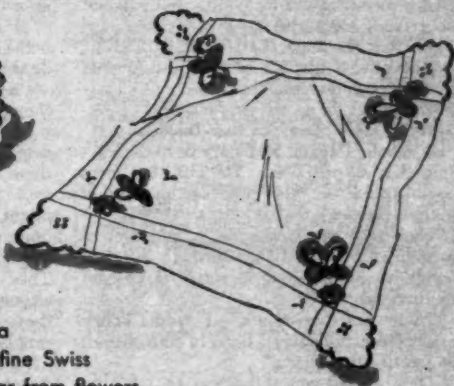
Pretty posies are held firmly by this sterling corsage pin with three hand-carved initials. \$2.90* at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59 St., New York City



Perfect for your many spring cottons—a necklace with matching bracelet by Einco. Made of tiny straw bows and gold-finished links, they come in a wide assortment of colors. Just \$1* each at Davison Paxon, Atlanta



There's news in hankies! Like this round one with bright flowers that drapes smoothly in a pocket. 47¢. Or the square of fine Swiss cord where bumblebees sip nectar from flowers. 94¢. Both by Franshaw are at Macy's, New York City.



by JONNI BURKE
Drawings by Lisl Weil

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention *The American Girl*

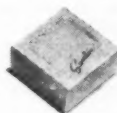
THE AMERICAN GIRL



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A Feeling for Human Interest

(Continued from page 7)

I dug up a paintbox that was so battered and dried out that a bright six-year-old wouldn't have paid a nickel for it, and I was just going to throw it away when Bugs grabbed it.

"Can you beat that?" he exclaimed. "The man Miss Mary was engaged to was an artist. He was killed just before their wedding, you know, and she must have kept this all those years."

"Very touching," I said and picked up two jelly jars and a cracked cup. "But suppose we stick to business."

"This is my business," he said. "Human-interest stories are what keep me on the Tribune. The one I wrote the day after Miss Mary's death even got reprinted in the New York papers."

There wasn't anything of the hard-boiled reporter about him, though, as he picked up an ancient and completely unsalable afghan.

"Pathetic," he murmured, and turned away so I didn't see his face. "Miss Mary knew her house and the land would go to pay her debts, but she thought when she willed Mum her personal effects she was doing something wonderful. She couldn't understand that this stuff she'd used for years was absolutely worthless."

I would have said something, but just then the noon whistle blew and I had to hurry home for lunch. The meal was the usual Saturday whirlpool, and I began to despair of ever having a minute in which to think.

When I got back to the shop I found Bugs fast asleep with his feet on the remnant table. He was up before I was all the way through the door and grinning as usual.

"Last forty winks," he excused himself. "Worked too late last night. No customers except that guy who was making time with you while I played clotheshorse for Mrs. Stout. He wanted to know if we'd be open late this afternoon."

"What did you say?" I asked, and I must have spoken too quickly because Bugs' grin grew to Cheshire cat proportions.

"Oh, I said our Miss Pinky Ransome would be here all by her lonesome and delighted to give with some more information about Striebel glass."

"I knew right along it was Stiegel," I said. "Anybody can make a slip of the tongue." But Bugs was off tearing down the street to Payton's Cafeteria on his way to the Tribune. After Bugs left, the shop, and even the street outside was suddenly so quiet that the stillness got on my nerves. Contrast, probably. Maybe the thought of seeing that good-looking young man again had something to do with it. I couldn't settle down to deciding about the prom any better than in the midst of the morning's uproar.

I thought I'd finish going over the Connors things and pulled open the little trunk which was the only thing Bugs and I hadn't touched. Then for the first time that day I was in for a pleasant surprise. These things were all old-fashioned, but so old they were cute, and instead of being worn to rags like the afghan it was clear that these rustling taffetas and heavy watered silks had never been used. Miss Mary's trousseau, I decided, and slipped on the green-taffeta jacket of what had probably been intended to be her going-away suit. The jacket fit so well I

pulled on the long, bustled skirt and looked in the mirror. The color was becoming to my hair, and I decided right then and there to buy it myself for fancy dress. I'd just reached into the trunk for the matching parasol when the bells jangled, and there was the young man.

Of course I felt like a silly little kid caught trying on her mother's clothes. I blurted out something about changing and started for the back of the store, but the young man stopped me. There was an expression on his face I'd never seen on any man's before, at least not when he was looking at me.

"Please wait," he begged, and he sounded breathless and excited. "Let me look at you. I—I want to drink it all in."

"Can I help you, Mr.—er?" I said, and twirled the cute little parasol by way of a question mark.

"Damon," he said. "Charles Damon. If only you will help me!"

We both laughed then, and I had the feeling I was sharing a secret with this

These stores have the Prize Purchase dress shown on page 17

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's
Chicago, Ill.	Carson Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, O.	Shillito's
Dallas, Texas	A. Harris
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Greensboro, N.C.	The Meyers Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Mary Saks
Hartford, Conn.	Sage Allen Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
New Orleans, La.	Leon Godschaux Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Wanamaker's
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Springfield, Mo.	Heer's Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr
St. Paul, Minn.	Field Schlick Inc.
Tacoma, Wash.	Fisher's
Tulsa, Okla.	Seidenbach's
Washington, D.C.	Woodworth & Lothrop
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Sosnik-Thalhimer's

good-looking stranger. He pulled himself together, shrugged his broad shoulders, and looked around the shop.

"I'm going to buy something!" he said, and I understood what my sister Sally meant about liking masterful men. "Lots of things to spin out the time. Let's start with this." And he picked up one of the dust-covered oils from the orange crate.

"You don't have to go that far," I murmured. "How about another bowl?"

He laughed again, and then he did something that surprised me. He pulled a crisp ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and laid it on the counter.

"That's for the landscape," he said, and I wondered how he'd seen through the dust enough to know what it was. "Have you any more like it?"

"There are two more," I said. "They haven't been priced yet, but I'm sure they're not worth ten dollars."

"They are if you sell them to me," he said softly, and then the bells jangled and Bugs, of all people, rushed into the shop.

"You," I said, and my voice was anything but friendly. "I thought you had to work until five."

Bugs stood there panting like a dog and didn't answer. If he had lost what little polish he'd ever had, Mr. Damon was the picture of poised courtesy. "Why, hello there," he said. "Lovely afternoon, isn't it?"

Bugs didn't even reply. Instead he turned to me, and when he saw that ten-dollar bill his blue eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Pinky," he snapped. "What's this lug buying?"

"Really, Bruce," I began. "When Mr. Damon has been good enough to pay ten dollars for one of Miss Mary's old pic—"

"Drop it!" Bugs roared and turned on his heel.

Without a word, Mr. Damon started for the door. The next thing I knew there was a sickening crack as Bugs' fist swung against Mr. Damon's chin. He gave one pitiful, choked groan and slumped to the ground.

"Bugs!" I shrieked. "Have you gone mad?"

For answer Bugs ripped open Mr. Damon's jacket, and there were all three of Miss Mary's paintings next to his shirt. Bugs reached for the telephone and called the police. He'd just finished when his mother and Professor Turner, who is head of the art department at the college, tore into the shop.

"Bruce! Helen!" Mrs. Bogart gasped. "Are you two all right?"

Professor Turner didn't even look at us. His eyes were on the paintings that had slipped to the floor. "Blakelock!" he murmured, and he sounded awe-struck. "If they're as good as I think, they're worth several thousand dollars apiece."

"They're worth what?" I gasped. But nobody answered me, because just then the man on the floor sat up and both Professor Turner and Bugs gave him their undivided attention. They had just pulled him up to standing position when the police arrived, and for a few minutes things happened so fast I couldn't keep track of them. Mr. Turner talked, Mrs. Bogart talked, and the police kept hammering questions at Damon which he wouldn't answer. Finally Bugs said something about Damon's accomplice waiting at Payton's Cafeteria, and the police went off—taking Damon with them.

I sat down then and Miss Mary Connors' taffeta rustled derisively.

"Mrs. Bogart," I asked, "did you know those pictures were valuable?"

"No," she answered, her big, gentle eyes on her son. "It was all Bruce."

"Bugs," I demanded, "how did you know?"

"I didn't," he said. "But this morning I noticed the old lady giving the pictures the double o."

"Not Feather Dusters!" I breathed. "I thought he and she were total strangers."

"So did I," Bugs said. "They certainly acted it. But when I went into Payton's, there they were sitting together as chummy as a pair of Alpha Deltas. I thought there might be a story in two such completely opposite types striking up a sudden friendship and I carried my tray to the next table. They were talking about the paintings, and although they clamped down as soon as they saw me I had enough for a starter. I simply left my beans and beat it for the Trib office and the back files I'd used in doing the write-up about Miss Mary Connors just after her death. There wasn't anything there I hadn't seen before, but one item for May eighteenth, eighteen eighty-six, said that Miss Connors had returned from New York City bringing her trousseau



ELIZABETHTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: A few months ago I received a horse, and have planned my career as owning and operating a riding academy. I am very disappointed that you do not publish more horse stories.

I think *Best Foot Forward* was the best Pat Downing story ever. Let's have more like them.

ANN RISSE (age 13)

NESHKORO, WISCONSIN: Garnet Lodge was just super the way it ended. *Best Foot Forward* and *Two Camels* were very good, too. I think your covers are very good.

I am not a Girl Scout, but I like your articles about Scouts very much.

I wish you would have some articles about stamp collecting because I am a stamp collector.

KAREN DAHLKE (age 11)

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I thought *Teen-Ager-French Style* was very interesting. It told a lot about a teen-ager's life in France. I think your Pat Downing stories are super and *Best Foot Forward* was one of the best.

NANCY CUMMINGS (age 12)

WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: The fashions in the February issue were all exceptionally flattering, and *Winterize for Good Looks* had many helpful hints on keeping well groomed.

Before reading *Sweaters n' Suds* I was afraid to wash my sweaters, because I thought they would shrink. I tried washing an old slip-on. To my surprise, it came out lovely!

JEAN HEALY (age 14)

STERLING, ILLINOIS: I just loved the article on postmarks called *Round-the-World Hobby*. I like the column on books very much. But I wish the movie reviews were a little more complete. When I get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the first thing I do is turn to *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I find the letters from foreign countries especially interesting.

PENNY FELDMAN (age 12)

GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA: The magazine is wonderful! The fashions are tops. The stories are real; as if you were a part of them! The sports are thrilling. The articles are interesting. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the magazine I prefer!

PATTY PAIGE (age 12)

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA: Congratulations on your February issue! I've read it from cover to cover. I especially enjoyed *Carving a Career* and *Best Foot Forward*. I also liked *Two Camels*.

BARBARA AULL (age 12)

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO: I especially liked the story *Teen-Ager-French Style*. I take French in high school so it interested me to know about girls my age in France. I also take Spanish and would like to see a similar story of a Spanish girl in your magazine.

CLARA SUTTER (age 16)

HYDRO, OKLAHOMA: I have just finished reading *Teen-Ager-French Style*. That article impressed me most of all. I wish that you would interview more teen-age girls and boys of other countries and write about them. I think it would give us American girls and boys more idea of what the boys and girls of foreign countries do, how they live, and how they spend their leisure time.

The other stories in your magazine were wonderful. But I still think *Teen-Ager-French Style* was the most interesting.

IMOGENE HATFIELD (age 15)

ILION, NEW YORK: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine for teen-agers that can be bought. Being interested in stories about foreign countries I especially enjoyed *Teen-Ager-French Style*, in the February issue. I also like your fashion and pattern department.

LORRRAINE URTZ (age 14)

LYTTON, IOWA: I liked the story *Best Foot Forward*, because it is so much like what we do, because we do upholstering, too.

I thought that your February magazine had such nice fashions and patterns. Only I do wish that you would put in more patterns.

Your *Sweaters n' Suds* is a very good way to wash your sweaters safely, and I will do that next time I wash my sweaters.

CAROLYN JUNE FOLEY (age 12)

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: Thanks very much for *Sweaters n' Suds*. It told me just what I needed to know.

SHEILA LUSTIGMAN (age 14)

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful! The February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is what I'm raving about.

The recipes—wonderful, the fashions—wonderful, *Teen Shop Talk*—wonderful, and the stories—the most wonderful of all!

The story, *Best Foot Forward*, was swell. I thought *Garnet Lodge* ended just right. February's *Teen Shop Talk* was especially good. The items were adorable.

One more thing, though. How about some articles on those beautiful animals—horses? Stories, etc. That would make *THE AMERICAN GIRL* a perfect magazine as far as I'm concerned.

KENETTA LEE COLE (age 13)

BURLINGTON, VERMONT: I simply had to write and thank you for the wonderful articles printed concerning the United Nations and foreign countries. The February issue is superior to all others published!

I am a freshman at the University of Vermont, majoring in English and minoring in history. My main interests are of Arabia and the Arab nations. The story, *Two Camels*, provided me with amusement and interest. Thanks for this article, the first concerning the Arabs that I have found in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, although I have taken it for over ten years.

PATRICIA AMIDON (age 19)

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND: I think your magazine is super. My friend, who is sent copies by her pen pal in America, lets me read them after her.

I am a Girl Guide and am Patrol Leader of the Kingfisher Patrol. I think your Girl Scout uniform is jolly nice and very smart. I am very interested in your ideas and fashions and I hope to be a newspaper reporter when I leave school, but at the moment I am only thirteen.

DIANA QUIGLEY (age 13)

UNION, NEW JERSEY: I like your fashions and I am getting a suit like the one on the February cover.

Best Foot Forward is a very good story and I have read it over and over.

Round-the-World Hobby was about what I have been collecting for years.

I am a Girl Scout and like to read *All Over the Map*.

Teen Shop Talk is very enjoyable because it is within my allowance. I think the magazine would be perfect if it had a puzzle page.

LINDA GLASSER (age 12)

MADISON, WISCONSIN: In the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I was especially pleased to find, in *All Over the Map*, an article about Girl Scouts helping out at the Kabat-Kaiser Institute in Santa Monica. I have spent a year at the Kabat-Kaiser Institute in Washington, D. C., and know how much they need help. I have spastic paralysis and have found their method of treatment helpful.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 6 of Orthopedic School where I go.

Being handicapped as I am, you know how eagerly I wait for each issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I like it very much, but think I am a little too young for most of the patterns.

LORETTA LEA HENTHORN (age 13)

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA: I think *Garnet Lodge* was very good and exciting. Your fashions are very cute. I also like the crossword puzzles and wish you would have one in every issue. Since I love to read, I'm very glad that you have a section on books.

I was in Japan and was a Girl Scout there, so I liked the part about the Japanese Scouts in *All Over the Map* in the February issue. When I was there they were starting the Japanese Girl Scouts.

THAN PENINGTON (age 13)

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA: I especially liked the article on collecting postmarks. I decided to try it. It is certainly loads of fun and interesting, too. I wrote an article for the school paper about my hobby. My friends are a lot of help in giving me their postmarks. Thanks for the tip.

SARAH SLADE (age 13)

MERIDIAN, TEXAS: I think *Best Foot Forward* was one of the best stories that I have ever read, and *Two Camels* was good, too.

I wish you would have an article on caring for dogs and cats.

LINDA BOWMAN (age 12)

EARLVILLE, NEW YORK: Your covers improve every month. February's cover was especially good. Your stories are always very good but have some horse stories. Your recipe exchange is a very good idea. I have seen a lot of the movies you have featured in your magazine. You have a very good choice.

NANCY SMITH (age 11)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I can't thank you enough for the article *Round-the-World Hobby* in your February issue. I've been looking so long for an original idea in hobbies. It seemed that every time I started one, I got bored with it. This hobby is not only fun, but educational.

FLORENCE HOUVOURAS

FORT WORTH, TEXAS: I am in the ninth grade at McLean Junior High. Our homemaking class has a club called "The American Girls." It is named after this magazine. Back in October I took this magazine to class and showed them all the interesting things in it. My teacher thought of the idea of making a club and calling it after this. We have already made a dress and a skirt from the patterns, and dozens of recipes. We really enjoy it and *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been a great help to us. We also like the beauty tips that you have.

DORIS OWENS (age 14)

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA: I simply love the recipe exchange because I like to cook. The book department is very good, too. Why not have more horse stories? Most of the kids around my neighborhood have read all the horse stories in the library.

ARCELLA TRENTON (age 13)

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO: I especially enjoyed the story *Carving a Career*. I wish you would have more articles like *Winterize for Good Looks*. I think they are very informative. I like the covers on your magazine because they are so colorful, and always show a picture with a teen-age girl on them.

MARGARET CANDLAND (age 16)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____





Help! Help! For those 'teen-age blemishes*

Maybe It's Time To Call A Complexion Conference... And Let A Famous Doctor Sit In

● Practically every young girl suffers from blemishes now and then. And how often they blossom out on your face just before the most important events! Don't be upset—here is a wonderful aid for your complexion problem.

First, understand that certain blemishes are from internal causes and are strictly a problem for your doctor. Still many blemishes come from *external causes. To help heal such blemishes, a famous doctor using just one cream—*medicated* Noxzema—has developed a wonderful new way to *really* cleanse your face. Remember! Cleanliness counts. Just covering up a blemished* skin is NOT the way to help heal such blemishes.

Here's All You Do

Apply Noxzema all over your face. Now with a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema. Dry gently with a clean towel. Comes nighttime, do it again. *Creamwash* away the day's dirt and grime the Noxzema way. It's easier than falling off a log and far more pleasant. Then just before retiring, gently pat soothing Noxzema all over your face. Don't worry about looking a sight or soiling bed linen—Noxzema is greaseless and doesn't stain. During the night Noxzema's medicated

formula will work to help heal those annoying blemishes*.

Helped 4 Out of 5 Tested

In Doctor's tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 tested to softer, smoother, clearer-looking skin. The secret? First, Noxzema is a greaseless cream. Secondly, it's Noxzema's medicated formula—designed to help heal skin irritations*.



Houston! "My skin now looks softer and smoother—troublesome blemishes* were greatly improved since using Noxzema," says pretty Dolores Becker. "It's my regular night cream—my only beauty aid."

Dallas! "I was troubled with annoying blemishes,*" says cute Bobbie Barker. "Then I tried Noxzema—and it really helped heal them. Now it's the only skin cream I ever use."



Now is the time to prepare for beauty and glamor. A clean, glowing, natural-looking complexion paves the way for lasting beauty and charm. Don't wait a day longer. *Creamwash* your face twice a day and see if you don't notice a really dreamy difference. See if it doesn't help your skin look softer, clearer in just a short time—doesn't help you win the glamor every girl longs for. Get Noxzema today. At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.

On the Beauty Beam?

(Continued from page 13)

HINTS ABOUT HAIR

One in each of the following groups of statements is true. Two points for each correct answer.

(a) *Summer Hair Care*. To keep your hair in tiptop condition throughout the summer:

- (1) Don't wear a cap when you go swimming.
- (2) Avoid long exposure to the scorching rays of the summer sun.
- (3) Shampoo your hair less frequently than in the winter.

(b) *Oily hair*. If oily hair is your pet peeve, you will want to:

- (1) Put away your hairbrush because brushing will further stimulate the oil supply.
- (2) Shampoo your hair only once every two weeks.
- (3) Check up on your diet and omit rich or greasy foods.

(c) *Thin Hair*. If your hair is very thin and wispy:

- (1) Have it cut quite short, closely fitting the head.
- (2) Wear it straight, if it's naturally straight.
- (3) Wear a soft fluffy hairdo.

FORWARD—FACE!

The italic word or words make the following statements false. Correct them by choosing from the words in brackets. Five points for each right choice.

- (a) Six hours of sleep every night are a must for healthy skin. (twelve, eight, ten)
- (b) Give your face and neck a thorough, lukewarm sudsing *once a day*. (twice a day, three times a day, every other day)
- (c) If pimples, whiteheads, or blackheads are your problem, *squeeze them when they are fully mature*. (squeeze after applying an antiseptic, squeeze after opening pores with warm water, don't ever squeeze them.)

TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN

If you acquired a nice tan last summer without getting painful burns, you should know which of the following statements are true and which are false. Three points for each right answer.

- (a) Prevention is the best cure for sunburn.
- (b) Sunburn creams, lotions, and oils are valuable only in the early stages of tanning.
- (c) Even a severe sunburn is not as serious as other burns.
- (d) Repeated sunburning can leave your skin with a tough, leathery look.
- (e) Sunshine can be doubly dangerous on an overcast day.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Now that you've had the fun of checking up on your beauty know-how by answering all the questions, see how high you're riding on the beauty beam by comparing your answers with the correct answers on the following page. And stay on the beam by doing, not just knowing!

**ANSWERS TO
On the Beauty Beam?**

HANDS AND GLOVES: (a) 1. Don't work gloves or "invisible gloves" (a special dirt-resistant hand cream) before gardening or doing a heavy clean up job. 2. If your hands are very chapped, dose them at night with a rich cream or oil, working it in thoroughly, and pull on a clean pair of old cotton gloves. (b) 1. When you dry your hands, push each cuticle back with a soft towel to keep the cuticle supple and detached from the nail plate. 2. Never file your nails after washing or soaking the hands, when softened nails are easily torn.

MIXES TO MATCH: (a) Long jackets. (b) Princess lines. (c) Boxy coats. (d) Semi-flared skirts.

MORE MIXES TO MATCH: (a) High waistlines. (b) Belted jackets. (c) Sleeveless tops. (d) Ruffles.

SOUND EFFECTS: (a) True. If you learn the basic principles of voice care, and apply them regularly, you can make your voice more pleasing. (b) False. You can learn to control both tone and pitch. (c) True. Teen-age voices "change," in girls as in boys, and during this period of change, there's more likelihood of strain. (d). True. Don't hope for a full, round, easy tone if your shoulders are hunched, your chest sunk, and your throat tight.

HINTS ABOUT HAIR: (a) *Summer Hair Care.* (1) False. (2) True. Overexposure can scorch the hair and streak it unattractively. (3) False. Keep to your regular shampoo routine during the summer, even when roughing it. (b) *Oily Hair.* (1) False. Brushing will distribute excess oil along the hair shaft and help restore the scalp to normal. (2) False. Oily hair may be shampooed more than the usual once a week if you find that's necessary. (3) True. Substitute more fruit and fresh vegetables. (c) *Thin Hair.* (1) False. This would make it look even thinner. (2) False. If your hair is straight, a loose permanent will help to give an illusion of thickness. (3) True. This will tend to make your hair look thicker.

FORWARD FACE: (a) *Eight*, a must; more, even better. (b) *Twice a day*, morning and night. (c) *Don't ever squeeze them.* Squeezing only removes the top, bruises skin tissues, often infects adjoining skin cells, and may cause unsightly scars.

TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN: (a) True. (b) False. They are valuable all through the summer because they help to screen out the sun and control both texture and tone of tan. (c) False. A severe sunburn is exactly as serious as any other burn that reddens, aches, and blisters. (d) True. Your abused skin may be left with a coating of scar tissue. (e) True. On a steamy, overcast day, each particle of moisture in the air magnifies the sun's rays and increases their burning power.

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

It's New!

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON



To Each His Own: When family or guests want refills, you won't have to worry about whose glass is in which hand if you use glasses on which you write each person's name. They are available in an eight-and-a-half-ounce size, with a sand-carved panel on which you can write a name, draw a party decoration or the like with an ordinary pencil. The pencil marks can be washed off with plain soap and water.

Earring Triplets: If you are looking for a gift for someone whose pet weakness is earrings (or if they're your own, for that matter) you'll love this pretty, inexpensive set which actually is three pairs in one. The earring bases and the backs of the colorful fabric flowers are magnetized, and you can change the flowers to match your costume or your mood. Each set comes with three pairs of delicately colored flowers.



Nonskid Spatula: Here is a clever gadget for lifting eggs, pancakes, hamburgers, and the like. This spatula has two blades which hold the food firmly, so there is less chance for it to splash back into the pan. The blades are opened and closed by light pressure on the thumbplate on the handle. The front edge of the lower blade is cut slantwise, so that it slips easily under the food, while the horseshoe design of the top blade makes it easier to lift such things as eggs and fish without breaking the food.

No More Elbow Testing: A spray that tells the water temperature as you use it has dozens of possibilities. With its built-in thermometer, it gives you accurate temperature control of the water for shower baths and shampoos, for washing woollens, silks, and nylons. It makes life easier for Fido, too, when you're giving him a bath. To use as a room thermometer, just detach the head of the spray.



Student Model: Now on the market is an unbreakable world globe made entirely of steel, with a smooth, washable surface. The globe is eight inches in diameter, and has two hundred square inches of map surface, with all printing in extra-large type. A boon to all those who are trying to keep up with events in this topsy-turvy world.

Key Note: Keys for locker, car, or house can be picked out easily when each is attached to a small marker that has a space on which to write the key's identification. There is a plastic cover with a little window to slide over the writing space, so that the identification always is clear and readable. These inexpensive markers, sold in sets of eight, slip easily on and off the keys.



Swing-Down Shelf: If you need another closet shelf—and who doesn't?—this may be the answer to your problem. Designed to utilize the space between the top shelf and the ceiling of the closet, the shelf is simple to install; it can be swung down and out with a twist of the wrist, and back out of the way again just as simply. There are no screws to mar the closet walls, but the shelf will not come down unless it is pulled.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New!" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Daystar

(Continued from page 15)

"It sounds simply wonderful." Then she added thoughtfully, "But that agree-to-vacate-at-once clause." She shook her head. "Suppose we put in a lot of work, get the place running fine and then it's sold?"

Salvatore brushed aside her objection. "It's the biggest white elephant in Northport. It's been on the market for ten years. Nobody wants to live so near the bridge, and it's not suitable for business."

"Wait a minute." Gail objected again, "I'm a practical Yankee. How're we going to pay the rent?"

Salvatore got up and shrugged into his topcoat. "I happen to know a guy who'd like to give the kids of this town a boost. He told me he wished he'd had a place like this when he was in High. This guy told me he'd pay the rent—which isn't as much as it sounds anyway—because the place is dead-wood to the owners."

Connie couldn't help smiling at him. He wasn't as handsome as her other brothers, and there were hard lines around his eyes and mouth from business worries. But she was even prouder of him than she had been of her brother Dominick when he graduated from law school.

Gail put out a hand to detain him. "Mr. Ciminelli, could we know the name of this man who is doing so much for us?"

Salvatore smiled at her. "Sure thing, Miss Bennett. His name is Mr. Anonymous."

The minute Salvatore left, they all began to talk at once. "Let's have a juke box." "Who's going to paint fifteen rooms?" "Could we use the living room for dancing?"

Gail pounded the table. "Let's take one thing at a time!" When they had calmed down, she went on, "Don't you think we'd better appoint a boy and a girl to take care of each different phase of the work?" Everyone agreed and voted that Gail make the appointments.

"All right," Gail assented. "The cleanup job is first and foremost, and I appoint Doug Winthrop and Michaelina Agresta."

Doug howled. "That's a dirty trick. Whenever there's work to do, you always wish the toughest job on me, your best pal."

Gail grinned, ignored his growls and appointed Nancy Wheeler and Tony Ricci as painting and decorating committee.

Connie was thinking, I bet Gail is purposely selecting one from Pontatuck and one from Northport for each of the crews, when Gail called on her. "Connie, will you serve with Bruce on the furnishings?"

Connie looked over at Bruce as she said yes. She knew very little about him. He was Nancy's brother; he lived up on Crestwood Lane near Gail; his father owned a big advertising firm in New York; he was quiet and went around with a tall, good-looking redhead named Lisbeth Mallory.

John D'Andrea and Gail would serve on the general house committee, in charge of the grounds, parking, lighting, telephone installation, and contacting teachers and parents to help supervise and chaperon.

It was agreed that the chairman of each crew would scout up helpers among enthusiastic students to work after school, week ends, and nights if necessary.

"Wouldn't it be swell," exclaimed Doug, "if we could open the place on Thanksgiving Day with a big housewarming?"

Gail's eyes shone. "Thanksgiving sounds

wonderful. It's such a specially American holiday."

"We might hire an orchestra," suggested Nancy Wheeler, "if it doesn't cost too much."

"Jazz Bingham over in Brookfield Center is reasonable to school groups," Bruce offered. "He's a friend of ours. I'll ask him."

Gail stacked her books. "Well, we've plenty of work ahead of us. We'd better get started tomorrow if that will be okay with your brother, Connie." Then she added, "And now, unless someone can think of any other business, we'd better adjourn."

Connie raised her hand. "We haven't named the center yet. People are generally more interested in a place that has a name."

Two Roads

by ELLIS ATKISSON McDONALD

The paved road is a blessing:

In state, it climbs the hill,
Docilely lies at man's request,
Obedient to his will.
Asphalt is a man's friend,
Though enemy to seed;
It spurns the common grasses and
Repudiates the weed.

But the red road is a gypsy:

First cousin to a tree,
And kin to creek and cotton field
A friend to bird and bee.
Along its rutted passage
Wild flowers bend their stalks
For whispered conversation,
And secret little talks.
The woods do not move back for it,
But cover it with leaves
To blow along the meadow
Where the lost wind weaves.
The rain builds silver lakes and ponds
When she fills the ruts to brimming,
For clouds to go a-sailing on,
Or the moon to go a-swimming.

The paved road is a blessing

To hurried folks in cars;
But, oh! it is the red road
That visits with the stars.

"Connie's right," Bruce Wheeler smiled at her so warmly that she flushed.

"How about running a contest to choose a name?" Doug wanted to know.

"Nope," vetoed Gail. "People get sore if they don't win."

"How about Hot Tamale?" John D'Andrea looked pleased with himself. "Mexican things are popular."

"That's awful," Michaelina protested. "Let's have something nautical. Like the Anchor Club or Pirates' Schooner."

"Too romantic," John retaliated.

"How about This Side of Paradise or Next Step to Heaven?" Doug offered. "Make people sit up and think."

"Sure," commented Nancy. "Think we're crazy."

"Connie hasn't offered any names," Bruce Wheeler was looking at her again. She flushed more deeply this time.

"I think," she spoke slowly, "we ought to pick something dignified. We still have to sell this idea to our parents. We want them to think we're serious." Her eyes traveled to the mural on the wall just back of where Bruce was sitting. She studied it for a long moment. That was it, The Daystar. That was the name for their youth center. It was dignified and it meant something. The star that shines just before the day breaks. She wondered if she dared voice her thought. Maybe the others would laugh

at her. But she mustn't be cowardly if she really believed in her idea.

"Gail," she said, "remember what I told you about the daystar and that picture?"

"What's the daystar?" asked several voices. Gail went over to the picture. "Connie calls this the daystar," she explained, and told them why.

They tried the name, rolling it on their tongues.

"It's pretty," said Nancy.

"I like it," Bruce agreed. "It gets my vote, too."

"Wait a minute," Gail interposed. "This is an important matter. Let's take a vote." Doug said, "I move we call our new center, 'Daystar.'"

"I second the motion," added Bruce.

Gail's voice was sober as she called for the vote. A chorus of ayes hailed Daystar. Connie's eyes moved toward the mural. The star seemed bigger and brighter than it ever had before.

After the meeting Connie and Michaelina walked out of school together and found Bruce Wheeler waiting with his bicycle. He came straight to Connie. "I thought you might let me walk you home and we could talk about our new job."

Before Connie could stop her, Michaelina murmured good-by and hurried off.

"I like autumn," Bruce said, as he wheeled his bike through the piles of gold and red leaves.

"So do I."

"You were smart to think of that name for our youth center."

"Not very." She shifted her load of books, and he tossed them into his bike basket.

"It's going to be fun working together on the furniture," he said.

Flustered, Connie stooped to pick up a scarlet leaf.

When they reached the bridge, she thought of course he would leave her, but he went right on down into Pontatuck, talking about where they could collect secondhand furniture and how he'd get his family station wagon for picking it up.

Pontatuck seemed noisier than ever today—children shouting louder than usual, women talking to each other on their porches. She wanted it to look right to Bruce, wanted him to see the things she loved about it—the tawny grasses, the winding river—and to smell the good Italian cooking. But he didn't seem to notice Pontatuck at all, he was so busy watching her, asking her questions about herself, talking about school and the youth center.

When they reached her house, her mother came out on the porch. She pretended to be looking for the newspaper, but Connie knew it was to get a look at Bruce. Then, as he was reaching for her books, Orlando drove up from the factory in a friend's car.

Connie called to him, motioning him to come over. "This is Bruce Wheeler, a classmate. Bruce, my brother, Orlando."

Bruce looked as if he wanted to talk to her brother, but Orlando hurried into the house. Connie said, "Good night," and watched Bruce ride up toward Northport.

When she went in, Mom asked, "who is he, Baby?" Connie told her.

"Bruce Wheel? He is not Italian?" Mom asked. Connie shook her head.

Mom went quietly about getting supper. Connie knew she was disturbed. Orlando just sat and watched Connie as she began to set the table. Why didn't they say what they were thinking? she wondered. Why

didn't they just bawl her out or something?

Suddenly she could stand their silence no longer. Quietly she put down the knives and forks. She could feel their eyes follow her as she left the room and ran upstairs.

She felt guilty. But why should she? What had she done? Just let Bruce Wheeler walk her home! Why should Mom and Orlando be upset about that?

ONE MORNING several weeks later, Connie sat up in bed, shook her dark hair from her eyes and thought, "It's Saturday and something important is going to happen."

Then she remembered. This was the day she had promised Bruce, after three weeks of his pleading with her, that she would ask Mom if she could go out to dinner and the movies with him.

She dressed quickly in slacks for an afternoon of work at Daystar. Usually she lingered in her pleasant room on Saturdays, but not today! Today she must hurry downstairs to speak to Mom before Orlando came in for an early lunch.

Connie found Mom in the kitchen, rolling out the dough for *gnocchi*. She walked across the room and looked into her mother's blue-gray eyes, at the still lovely features. Then eagerly she burst out, "Mom, please may I go out to dinner tonight with Bruce Wheeler? May I, please? And to a movie afterward?"

"That boy who walk home with you?"

"Yes. Please, Mom? Please!"

Connie heard the front door shut and someone walking through the hall. She knew at once it was Orlando. She turned away, saying, "We'll talk about it later, Mom."

But Mom couldn't stop talking about it. All during the time she was serving Orlando his lunch, she talked about Bruce Wheeler. Where did his parents come from? Where did he live? What did his father do? Did he have sisters and brothers? Finally she said, "Connie, there are nice Italian boys here in Pontatuck. You could go with them to the movies. A pretty girl like you could have all the boy friends she wants."

Orlando broke off a piece of Italian bread. "You're wasting your time, Mom. Connie doesn't want to go out with a nice Italian boy."

Mom flared up. "Why not? Connie is Italian, too."

Connie threw down the orange she was squeezing for her breakfast. Tears welled up inside her, and she hoped she'd get out of the kitchen before they spilled over.

"I'm not Italian, Mom," she choked. "I'm American. And I don't see why I can't go out with Bruce Wheeler. He's a fine boy. Even if he isn't Italian." She ran from the room, grabbed her jacket from the hall closet, and opened the front door.

"Baby!" Mom's worried voice called after her. "You did not eat breakfast." But she ran on down the steps.

With a quarter she found in her pocket, she had her breakfast of cinnamon buns and milk in the Beanpot on the bridge. All the time she was eating, she kept thinking: What shall I do? What shall I do?

If she turned Bruce down, he'd be hurt. If she went out with him, Mom wouldn't like it. How can I decide between the two? she thought. And why should I have to?

When she reached Daystar, the Wheelers' station wagon, Gail's car and Mr. Walker's convertible were in the parking lot. Inside the building, she stopped a moment to



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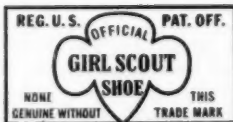
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by MARJORIE CINTA

For a Whole Lifetime. By JESSICA LYON. *Macrae-Smith Company*, \$2.50. Can a girl be happy with a husband who has no college degree or assured social position? Karen Moore, who had always moved in the right circles, asked herself this question when she became interested in garage mechanic Bill Holloway, handsome ex-football player and ex-Marine. Karen met Bill's family and friends, saw something of the problems of her married friends, and came to realize she would need to learn a lot to make marriage with Bill a success. She couldn't appeal to her mother because Mrs. Moore, who had schemed and contrived for years to give Karen the kind of background she might have had if her brilliant father had lived, naturally didn't approve of Bill. But fortunately a wise neighbor came to Karen's rescue with lessons in human relations and homemaking that gave the girl the answer to her question. You, too, may learn a lot from this realistic handling of the problems you may be thinking about in a few years, and you will enjoy the story for its good characterization and believable small-town background.

Candy. By ROBB WHITE. *Double-day & Company*, \$2.50. The hurricane that wrecked Candy's beloved "Far-away," presented her with a beautiful Snipe sailboat. The owner offered it to her provided she could get it down from the top of the greenhouse where the hurricane had landed it. Unfortunately the greenhouse belonged to the most disagreeable man in Florida who insisted that Candy remove the boat within twenty-four hours without breaking a glass or bruising a blossom. In desperation, Candy worked out an ingenious plan and, commanding the assistance of a strange boy, discovered that he was blind. From that day on she was never free of the urge to mother Tony, the homeless, friendless, blind boy. Moody, independent, with a horror of institutions, Tony was not easy to deal with, and Candy had another responsibility too—a secret one concerned with the mysterious donor of the Snipe. There is much suspense, danger, fun, and adventure before the resourceful Candy worked things out as successfully as she brought the boat down from the greenhouse.

In Woods and Fields. By MARGARET WARING BUCK. *Abingdon-Cokesbury Press*, \$3.00. Did you ever take a walk in the country and yearn for a well-informed, nature-loving friend to answer your questions about the out-of-doors? This book can do it for you. Arranged by habitat and season, it describes in text and pictures what you may see in the woods and fields in spring, summer, autumn, or winter. The four main sections, corresponding to the four seasons, tell of the birds, plants, trees, flowers, insects, and animals you are likely to meet at each time of the year. Though it is designed for beginning naturalists and written simply in readable style, every effort has been made to make it as accurate as if it were written for scientists. It is generously illustrated with lovely black-and-white drawings. There is an excellent index with both popular and Latin names and a reading list of books for further study. Anyone interested in the world out-of-doors will enjoy this book, and Girl Scouts working on Nature badges will especially welcome it. It is sold in a paper cover by the Equipment Service under catalog number 23-529 for \$1.75.

The Art of Fish Cooking. By MILO MILORADOVICH. *Doubleday & Company*, \$3.50. Now in Lent seems an appropriate time to tell you about the most interesting and most complete book on fish cooking we have seen. You'll never say, "Oh dear, not fish again!" after you have roamed through the 1,280 ways that people all over the world have dreamed up to prepare every sort of edible fish and shellfish—whether game or commercial, salt or fresh water, fresh-caught or frozen, salted, pickled, smoked, or canned. How to buy fish, how to have the fish dealer prepare it, what fish are in season, where and when, and the characteristics of each fish are clearly explained. Here are recipes for soups, bisques, chowders, broths, gumbos, soufflés, casseroles, cocktails, salads, sandwiches, canapés, sauces, stuffings. Directions are given for baking, boiling, steaming, poaching, pan-frying, deep-fat frying; time charts for preparing fish and suggested monthly menus helpfully have been included. Here's a chance to add variety to your cooking skill.

collect her thoughts. Voices reached her from the kitchen downstairs. Unable to face the crowd with all this emotion churning inside her, she stepped into the main recreation hall. It certainly had blossomed forth as the result of their labor. The walls were a dusty rose with powder-blue paneling, the floor had been waxed for dancing, and the lovely old fireplace restored to its original beauty.

The crowd came up from the kitchen and found her there. "Hi, Connie," Gail called. "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

Connie purposely avoided looking at Bruce. "Sure," she answered shortly. "I feel fine." Then, to turn attention away from herself, she added, "This place looks wonderful. It shows the work we've put into it."

"We've a lot to do today," Gail warned.

Connie was glad to be so busy she didn't have time to be alone with Bruce. First, she helped tack a rose-quilted skirt on the dressing table in the powder room. Next she gathered "skirts" to cover the nail-keg stools.

Doug brought in some hamburgers and chocolate floats, and they took time out only to gobble and gulp them down.

It was getting quite dark when Mr. Walker finally said, "All right, everyone, let's quit before we collapse."

In the excitement of putting on their coats and deciding who was going home with whom, Connie found herself alone with Bruce and walking toward his station wagon. His sister Nancy shouted, "I'm going with Gail and Doug," and ran off giggling.

When they reached the car, Connie drew away from Bruce.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I should have told you before. I can't go with you tonight."

"Did your mother say you couldn't?"

"No—not exactly. But I know she wouldn't like it."

"How do you know? Maybe you're just imagining it."

Connie watched him zip up the front of his leather jacket. Then, because she had to be honest with him, she told him. "My mother wants me to go out with the Pontatuck boys. Because they're Italian. And" she almost choked on it, "she says I am, too."

He grabbed her arm as she turned away. "But you're not Italian, Connie. You're American. Just like me. And your mother doesn't even know me. Look, let me go down and see her." He laughed, trying to make a joke of it. "I've got a way with mothers, Connie."

She turned away from him again. "Bruce, please, I can't joke about it."

"But Connie, why should your mother object to me? It doesn't make sense."

"What you feel doesn't always make sense, Bruce. This is something deep down inside my mother. It has nothing to do with thinking or reasoning at all."

"Then you won't give me a date, Connie?" "I can't. It's not that I don't want to. I like you more than any boy I've ever known."

He didn't answer right away. He stood there, slapping one of his gloves against the other. When he looked up, all the hurt had left his face and he was smiling.

"All right, Connie. As long as you feel that way about it, that's all I want to know. I'll find some way to get around your mother."

She looked up at him. He's so nice, she thought. Understanding and not getting mad or anything. If Mom could only know him, she'd have to change her mind.

(To be continued)

Play Ball!

(Continued from page 21)

A natural follow-through with a full body swing completes the toss.

If you have been throwing wide of your mark, you may have been letting your wrist turn or twist as you release the ball. To insure accuracy, you should throw with your entire arm. Also, keep your eye on the target.

After you have mastered the overhand throw, you will want to tackle the sidearm throw. This is more difficult to perfect, but if you play one of the infield positions (first baseman, second baseman, third baseman, or shortstop) you can use the sidearm throw to good advantage—especially for short distances. It saves considerable motion, and you can get the ball away much faster.

When you start the sidearm throw, grasp the ball as for the overhand, and bring your hand up about shoulder height. Instead of moving the arm up and over, swing it down and back to the side and then forward, parallel with the ground, releasing the ball as your hand passes the line of your body.

The easiest way to polish your throwing is to throw. A game of "catch" with one of your chums is best, though you can work alone with a ball and a wall. Place a mark on the wall as a target and see how many "bull's-eyes" you score. A "sponge" ball, or even a tennis ball, will do for practice.

Most throws from the infield positions range between thirty and ninety feet, so you should practice within this range if possible. If you are an outfielder, you may occasionally need to make longer throws. However, if you use relays and bounce throws, it isn't absolutely essential for you to have a super-charged throwing arm, even when playing in the distant pastures. If you are a long distance from a base or homeplate, you may find that the quickest way to get the ball back to the infield is by way of one or two of your team mates. Thus, two or three short throws take the place of one long throw. Accuracy and speed are of course essential in relay throws.

If you do have to make a long throw from the outfield direct to a base or homeplate, you should throw the ball so that it bounces before reaching its goal. The bounce enables the player receiving the ball to get set for the play, and it actually adds to the speed of the throw.

The bounce throw should be made on a straight line, almost parallel with the ground, rather than looped. Practice with another girl. Have her throw fly balls to you and as you catch the ball set yourself in position to send a bounce throw back to her. Get the ball away as quickly as possible. Practice throwing a ball that bounces once before it reaches her or, if you are throwing from a distance, twice. Before long you'll find you're getting quite expert at this art.

THERE'S still another, and very important, kind of throwing in softball—pitching. The pitcher has the most glamorous position on the field, but it's also the toughest assignment. All softball teams stand or fall on their pitching. If you aspire to be your team's hurler, you can be a fair-haired heroine by perfecting one thing—control.

Control doesn't mean just the ability to put the ball over the center of the plate, waist-high, consistently, although you should be able to do that. Control means being

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July Recipe Exchange

**Subject: ICE CREAM AND
FROZEN DESSERTS**

Date Due: APRIL 20

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the July issue must reach us by April 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe **MUST** be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

able to pitch to any spot in the strike zone with any one of the pitches in your repertoire (such as a fast ball, slow ball, curve). And that spot should be the batter's weakness.

Control is not developed overnight. It takes plenty of practice. Again, use the ball and wall. Take an old mattress or a piece of canvas and place it on the wall. Draw a rectangle with chalk or crayon outlining the strike zone, and you're ready to start working.

The softball pitch, like a horseshoe pitch, must be an underhand throw, and there are strict rules for a pitcher's method of delivery. Therefore it is essential for you to learn the proper technique in the beginning and to perfect it along with your control.

Once you attain proper delivery, control, and a fair amount of speed, you can start developing a variety of pitches that will fool the batter—bedeviling things like outcurves, incurves, "rise" or "elevator balls," and "windmill windups." The larger your repertoire, the more effective you'll be on the mound.

The best way to acquire a bag of tricks is to consult an expert. Your coach, of course, is the logical person to help you. You may find printed diagrams or illustrations helpful, and perhaps a boy down the street will show you some of his tricks. Start with the deceptive pitch that is easiest for you to master; work until it is perfected and then try another.

Remember that the pitcher is valuable to the team only so long as her throwing arm remains strong and fit. Don't overwork your arm early in the season, and don't start throwing at top speed too soon. Also, be sure you have the proper warmup before pitching. And, above all, don't continue to pitch when your arm feels tired or "dead."

THOUGH good pitching can make or break a team, good pitching is not the whole story. Its effectiveness will be wasted without proper support from the other girls on the team—the fielders, who are responsible for the defensive plays.

Fielding involves catching the ball on the fly or line, or scooping it up after several bounces on the ground. Here again, you must learn the correct methods before you can attain expertness. Many girls, particularly those new at the game, tend to fight the ball. This may result in fumbles and can cause damaged fingers.

In catching a thrown ball, your fingers should be relaxed, loose and limp at all times. To handle a ball above waist height, point your fingers up with thumbs together and palms facing the approaching ball. To catch a ball below the waist, cup your hands with the little fingers together and the hands pointed downward. That's an easy formula: ball up (above waist), fingers point up; ball down (below waist), fingers point down.

The only way to improve your catching is by practice. Team up with a pal, or just throw a ball against a wall. When you find your hands moving instinctively in the proper manner, you'll know you've mastered the situation.

Fielding ground balls is usually the infielder's job, but all softball players should be proficient at it. You should be able to judge the bounces of the ball, move to the right spot to field it, pick it up quickly and

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throw it to the proper point. Again, practice is what you need.

To win in softball you must get runs; to get runs you must get hits. How's your batting? You needn't have super brawn and muscles to be a good softball hitter. Actually, the weak sister of the team can be its best hitter, for softball batting is mostly a matter of timing. Stance, grip, and bat are key factors, too, but split-second co-ordination comes first.

The size and weight of the bat and the grip are strictly matters of comfort; use the bat and the grip that feels best for you.

As for the stance, don't spread your legs too far apart and don't crouch, or you can't meet the ball squarely. Your feet should be about ten inches apart, the forward foot turned slightly, toe pointing obliquely toward the pitcher. Your rear foot should point almost directly to home plate. Your legs should not be stiff. As you swing, step in slightly with your front foot. Don't lift your leg; merely slide your foot on the ground toward the plate, to give momentum to your swing.

There are four important points to remember about the swing: the position of arms and bat before the swing is started; the amount of windup at start of swing; the level of the bat; and the snap of the wrists as bat meets ball.

While you wait for the pitch, your arms

should be relaxed, elbows not too close to the body, bat a couple of inches off your shoulder. Don't draw the bat back much farther than your ear and be sure to keep it parallel with the ground as you swing.

The only sound way to improve your batting is through actual hitting practice against good pitching. You can perfect your swing and stance by standing in front of a mirror and trying to detect the flaws in your movements.

But in order to gain smoothness in your timing, you must have a pitcher throwing them up to you.

If you are consistently hitting foul balls, you are probably swinging too soon, or too late. If you produce an unusual number of pop flies, you are swinging under the ball. If you knock lots of grounders into the dirt, you are topping the pitch. Squarely hit line drives should be your aim.

No matter how good you and your team mates may be individually, you won't have a winning team unless you work together. Softball, like any group game, has no place for a prima donna who isn't willing to co-operate with the other players. But if you can improve your own game so that you are really an outstanding player and if you are always ready to work wholeheartedly for the good of the team, then you'll really be in demand on the softball field.

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 24)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 cup shredded coco-nut | 3 tablespoons thick cream |
| ¼ cup finely chopped dates | 1 teaspoon grated orange rind |
| 2 tablespoons honey | Butter or margarine |
| Orange, nut, graham, or white bread | |

Combine first five ingredients and use as filling for buttered bread. For special occasions, cut into desired shapes with cookie cutters. Serves 4 to 6.

Sent by

CAROLYN MARTIN, *Stilson, Georgia*

BARBECUED CHEESE BUNS

An open-faced sandwich, suitable for lunch or supper, or as refreshments for the gang. Cheese mixture may be prepared in advance and kept chilled.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup finely diced American cheese | 1 teaspoon grated onion |
| 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs | ¼ cup condensed milk or light cream |
| ½ cup finely chopped green pepper | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons catsup | Few grains pepper |
| | 4 split sandwich buns |

Combine all ingredients of the sandwich filling. Arrange mixture on buns, allowing about ¼ cup for each. Bake about 7 minutes on top shelf of oven heated to 400°, or until cheese melts and buns are toasted.

Sent by

JUDY JEFFRIES, *Portland, Oregon*

AVOCADO DELIGHT

A delightful and original variation of the traditional egg-salad sandwich. The filling can be stored overnight if desired.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine | 1 teaspoon onion juice |
| ½ cup ripe avocado, diced | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon mayonnaise |

Blend all ingredients gently. Spread on buttered rye or pumpernickel bread. Add crisp lettuce and olive slices if desired for added piquancy and zest. Makes enough filling for 4 generous sandwiches.

Sent by

MARILYN KANTER, *West Orange, New Jersey*

FRUIT-AND-NUT SANDWICH

Sweet and nutritious too. Fine for that second sandwich in the lunch box. Ideal for afternoon tea.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ½ pound seedless raisins or figs | ¼ pound pecan or walnut meats |
| ½ pound dates or prunes | Juice of 1 orange |
| | Juice of 1 lemon |

Remove stems and stones of fruit; chop or grind fine. (If prunes are used, they should be soaked until tender and then pitted.) Moisten with fruit juices. Add nuts, chopped. Spread between thin slices of buttered brown bread. Keep leftover filling in tightly covered jar in refrigerator. Makes filling for many open-faced or regular sandwiches.

Sent by

JEANNIE TATSAPAUGH, *Canaan, Connecticut*

PINWHEEL PARTY SANDWICH

A dainty sandwich for teas or other parties—pinwheel layers of bread and cheese and a little round piece of frankfurter in the center. May be placed in a shallow pan and toasted briefly under the broiler.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 3-ounce package cream cheese | furters, cooked |
| 3 tablespoons cream or mayonnaise | 1 teaspoon grated onion or onion juice |
| 6 skinless frank- | 1 loaf unsliced sandwich bread |

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR—

As a very learned gentleman who revolts against radio jackpot shows, Ronald Colman again shows his flair for comedy. He decides to use his jackpot winnings to break the sponsor, and the resulting complications make fine entertainment. Included in the excellent cast are Barbara Britton, Celeste Holm, Art Linkletter, and Caesar, an extraordinary parrot. (United Artists)



KEY TO THE CITY—When a serious-minded woman mayor, Loretta Young, meets an ex-long-shoreman mayor, Clark Gable, a hilarious picture is sure to be the result. Especially when Marilyn Maxwell, James Gleason, and the late Frank Morgan add their talents in the supporting cast. In one scene Clark Gable wears a little Lord Fauntleroy suit! (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



RIDING HIGH—This new version of "Broadway Bill," directed by Frank Capra, is even better than its predecessor. Gay, heart-warming, and throat-catching, the picture builds up to a dramatic ending, and is made melodic by the presence of Bing Crosby, Clarence Muse, and Coleen Gray. Fine performances are given by the whole cast—including those of the horse and his rooster mascot. (Paramount)



MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME—

The trials and tribulations of marriage to a doctor are presented tellingly in this picture, filled with much humor and some pathos. Dorothy McGuire wins the doctor (William Lundigan) and then finds that life as a doctor's wife has plenty of tribulations. The role of the mother-in-law who adds complications is played by Jessie Royce Landis (20th Century-Fox)

Cut all crusts off bread. Slice loaf lengthwise into 6 long slices. Spread each slice lightly with cheese which has been softened with cream or mayonnaise and blended with onion. Place one frankfurter at one end of each slice of bread and roll up jelly-roll fashion. Wrap rolls individually in waxed paper, then in a damp towel, and chill for several hours. Slice each roll into pinwheels about 1/4" thick. Makes 7 or 8 dozen pinwheels.

Sent by

JUDITH VIRGINIA PEARCY, Fort Scott, Kansas

FILLED ROLLS

A fine way to make hot sandwiches in quantity in a very short time.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 can pork luncheon meat | 1/2 pound American cheese |
| 6 sweet pickles | 1 onion |
| 1 green pepper | Frankfurter rolls |

Chop or grind all ingredients, except rolls, and combine thoroughly. Scoop centers out of frankfurter rolls leaving 1/2" of roll on sides and bottom. Fill with sandwich mixture. Heat in preheated oven at 350° for 15 minutes, and serve piping hot. Mixture will fill 16 to 18 rolls.

Sent by

BONNIE ARMSTRONG, Rochester, New York

BANANA HAM SANDWICH

These sandwiches should be served immediately after preparation. They have a fresh, different flavor. Would be nice on toast, served with hot cocoa, for a party.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 3/4 cup finely chopped cooked ham | 1 1/2 teaspoons prepared mustard |
| 1/4 cup diced celery | 1 ripe banana, peeled and diced |
| 1/4 teaspoon finely chopped onion | 8 slices bread |
| | Butter or margarine |

Mix together ham, celery, onion, and mustard. Add the banana, mixing very lightly. Spread 4 slices of bread with mixture. Cover with slices of bread spread with butter or margarine.

Sent by

BUNNY BETECK, Brooklyn, New York

PARISIAN SANDWICH

This is a new version of the old favorite, ham and cheese. Filling, which is slightly chewy, will keep for several days if stored in the refrigerator.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1/2 pound boiled ham, or 1/4 pound dried beef | 1 sweet pepper |
| 1/2 pound mild or sharp cheddar cheese | 1 egg, beaten |
| | 1 can condensed tomato soup |
| | Bread |

Grind meat, cheese, and pepper. Add egg and undiluted tomato soup. Cook in a heavy saucepan over a low fire until the cheese is melted and the egg cooked, stirring constantly. Mixture will thicken. Remove from fire and cool. If the mixture seems too thick to spread easily, thin with mayonnaise. Makes at least 1 dozen sandwiches.

Sent by

RUTH CARLSON, St. Marys, Pennsylvania

THE END

by BERTHA LUECK

Please turn to page 38 for next month's Recipe Exchange Announcement.

Brother in Your Life

(Continued from page 16)

His face lighted up like a Christmas tree and his ears got very pink.

"Awww—'snothing," he stammered. "Just and his ears got very pink."

I could have wept. It was such a simple thing that I had done. Yet it had never before occurred to me that he might want or need any praise from me. In his funny way, though, he actually thought rather highly of me and much of his step-dogging and teasing stemmed from this fact. Gradually, I began to realize that our quarrels were not all his fault. In his eyes, I was not only four years older, and five inches taller, but also a creature who thought she was a thousand years wiser.

Soon I began to acquire what every girl with a pesky little brother needs—understanding. I tweaked his nose when he pulled my hair, tossed back his quips, and stopped my ears to some of his normal eleven-year-old noise. From then on, life with brother began to be a lot of fun.

OF COURSE, your problem may be different. You may be bearing the burden of a big brother, woe is you! Perhaps he's The Big Boss. He roars into your private parties, grabs those extra scrumptious ladyfingers in his hairy fist, rumples your hair, and says, "Having fun, kiddies?" You just sit—holding the screams of pain inside until he swaggers out of the room. This type is slow to accept the fact that you have been adding years and inches. There is a niche in his brain marked: "Sister—age five. Good for

teasing and running errands."

The first thing you may want to do is direct at him a few choice sarcastic remarks—right off your chest. Don't! It won't add a cubit to his mental picture of sister age five, and men loathe sarcasm. Making a sarcastic quip to a man is like waving a red flag at a bull. It makes him want to get up on his hind legs and fight. Instead, to clear the air, try looking at The Big Boss when your sense of humor is functioning. What is he, after all? Just a small boy who suddenly has inherited a huge frame of bones and muscles, and he's scared. He's got to fill that adolescent frame with importance somehow. So he likes to think you're still a mere tot.

Don't tell I told you, though. That would be fatal. When he puffs and blows importantly, laugh quietly up your sleeve at him. When he goes too, too, far along that babe-in-the-cradle line, approach him on some of those tender points in a mature, logical way. Men love to be approached man to woman. Tuck your tantrum under your floating rib and just say frankly you are entitled to a bit more privacy and respect. Your sober, mature attitude should impress him greatly, and he will probably grant you the consideration you crave. That's when you'll enjoy having him pop in on your gang now and then. He may even want to join in the fun for a few moments.

So much for The Boss. But what about the Sloppy Joe, the big lug who never combs his curly locks, wears his dungarees until they fall in tatters, and considers it treason to tuck in his shirttail?

Here's where sisterly psychology comes in. Appeal to his male vanity. Tell him

how smooth and Montgomery Clift-ish he looks with his hair combed down. If his clothes are a little on the ancient side, tell him tactfully that he must have overlooked his laundry this week because he usually looks so well groomed. Boys do get busy and careless. The thing to do with Sloppy Joe is to remind him in a way that gives his ego a pleasant lift.

Last, but far from least, as any girl with a collegiate brother will tell you, comes the Princeton Problem. Heaven help the gal who has a brother in the painful process of being educated. She cannot speak two words without a lecture on splitting infinitives. If she puts on a record that is mildly be-boppish, her taste in music is abominable! And her manners, it seems, are two degrees lower than savagery.

Again, look behind the scenes. Brother's ideas are in a state of enormous expansion. He's just brimming over with knowledge, and he adores having an audience. He wants to let you know how much he knows, and to pass on some of his pearls of wisdom.

How about surprising him with a little kindness and interest? College is tough these days, and your understanding can contribute greatly to his happiness. Try to keep the noise down when he is studying, and ask his advice on books, records, and your homework. Who knows—you might learn something and have some fun with brother, to boot!

Yes, sis, you can weather your kinship. It'll take time, patience, and a sense of humor, but once you see behind the "bother" in brother, you'll find a wonderful friend.

THE END

Tops for Spring

You can make either of these crocheted hats in a jiffy, and presto! you have a new spring bonnet. Buttons and bows add interest to the cloche, shown here in two tones. Made of cotton thread in easy-to-do single crochet stitch.



This head-hugging cap, in an interesting pattern stitch, has gros-grain ribbon trim. For free, how-to-make directions for both hats send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Betty Brooks at The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17.



Milwaukee Girl Scouts place cartons of schoolbags on plane; New York Scouts take them to the President of American Relief for Poland, to the wife of the Lebanese minister, and to the President of the Philippines

J. R. Cavallo
Middle East Relief • J. R. Cavallo
William Leftwich

All Over the Map

FIRST IN THE COUNTRY to complete a set of twenty-five schoolbags in the "Schoolmates Overseas" project, Girl Scouts of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, shipped seven large cartons of schoolbags by United Airlines on February 13. The cartons, filled with bags containing school supplies and gifts for children abroad, were received at New York City's LaGuardia Field by a group of local Girl Scouts, who delivered them to the headquarters of various relief agencies for shipment overseas. The Milwaukee Girl Scouts were more than a month ahead of the official date of March 12 which was set for the first progress report and in-gathering of the schoolbags.

IN MAY, 1949, the Girl Scouts of Winchester, Massachusetts, had only a dream of a year-round recreation center. In December, that dream became a reality when "Camp Joy," on a beautiful, wooded site in Winchester Fells, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies. The center had become a reality because the entire community co-operated with the Girl Scouts, helping with gifts of money, materials, and personal labor. The plans for the building were a gift of the architect; construction equipment and materials were donated; the members of the Rotary Club gave their personal labor in the actual construction. A local news-

paper donated the space in which weekly progress reports were made to the community! The girls themselves raised money by cleaning house, selling seashells, baby sitting, picking blueberries, and by other odd jobs. The large main room of the cabin is insulated and heated for winter use, has plenty of room for dancing and theatricals. There's sleeping room on the balcony for twenty girls for overnights, week ends, and weekday summer camping. Ample cooking facilities are provided, indoors and out, for large groups and small. The Girl Scouts are proud of Camp Joy, and prouder still of their community's co-operation in making it possible.

REAL INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING has developed among the Girl Scouts of San Joaquin and Calaveras counties, California, as a result of their adoption of a girl's school in Vienna, Austria. The school, Madabreal Gymnasium, was recommended by General Mark Clark, and the first gift to the school was a CARE package, sent early in 1948. Since then a steady stream of packages has been going to Vienna. They contain warm, sturdy clothing and shoes; pretty gifts such as hair ribbons and gay handkerchiefs; surprises for party-times like ready-mixed fudge, Girl Scout paper napkins, and table favors. All students in the school are required to learn English, so subscriptions to *THE AMERICAN*

Girl and other American magazines, as well as copies of the Girl Scout Handbook, were much appreciated. When adult Girl Scout council members learned that the school needed an encyclopedia to help with the English translations, the council members gave a series of "Austrian School Benefits" in their homes to raise the necessary money to buy one. In acknowledging this gift, one of the teachers wrote: "I am as proud of it as a mother is of her child. It has the best shelf in my English library, which is entirely the work of the Girl Scouts of California and their leaders." As a token of appreciation, last Christmas the Viennese girls sent their California friends a set of hand-painted Christmas greetings, and a beautifully illustrated book on Austria. The most exciting gift of all, however, was a set of photographs of the school, its pupils and teachers, which was received recently. The pictures were taken by an American serviceman from Stockton, California, who is stationed with the American Army in Vienna, and show the children and teachers wearing clothing sent by their California friends. The bonds of friendship grow stronger with each new gift and acknowledgment, and many pen pals have developed as a result of this international project.

SENIOR GIRL SCOUTS of Troop 6, in Trenton, New Jersey, took an active part last fall in "Operation Lookout," an air-raid detection exercise sponsored by the United States Air Force Defense Command. During the operation, fighter and bomber planes of the National Guard and air groups stationed on the Eastern seaboard swept over observation posts to test the skill of the civilian observers. These observers reported by direct telephone connection to one of five "filter stations" on the Eastern seaboard. At the filter station a plotter was seated before a huge grid map on which he recorded the information. Then another observer relayed this information by telephone or radio to the nearest radar defense station. At the filter station in Trenton, Senior Girl Scouts manned various positions—plotter, radar tellers, filterers. For two weeks before the maneuvers the girls, with other women volunteers, received two hours training every evening. During the week of the maneuvers, Girl Scouts and leaders were on duty every day, working in shifts. They enjoyed every moment of it, and their work won high praise from the mayor of Trenton, from Governor Driscoll of New Jersey, and from the Commanding Officers in charge of the operation.

A GIRL SCOUT family "potluck" dinner can be a lot of fun. And when more than 950 guests arrive at the party, it can mean plenty of hard work, too, as the Aberdeen, South Dakota, Girl Scouts discovered. Their potluck dinner in celebration of Girl Scout Week had for its theme "Come Along With Us," and combined food, business, inspiration, and fun. With the flags, uniforms, and exhibits, it became a miniature Girl Scout convention. Guests included Girl Scouts and their families, adult members of the Aberdeen Girl Scout organization and their husbands, men of a special camp committee and their wives, guest speakers, and press

Headline News in Girl Scouting

W. A. Chaffin



Sewing in Viennese school adopted by California Girl Scouts



Dwight Davis Studio

Recreation center of Winchester, Massachusetts, Girl Scouts

representatives. Among the guests of honor were a Girl Guide from Wales and a guest troop from Hosmer, South Dakota. Fathers and husbands turned out in unusually large numbers, and their interest and enthusiasm made the occasion a gala one. Special thanks were given to the men whose help, physical and financial, had made possible the Girl Scout camp. A hot dinner was served, and each troop planned its own food, set the tables in its own section and cleaned up after the party. The various troops made centerpieces for the tables, showing different program activities, and an eighth-grade troop won first prize with their model of Aberdeen's new campsite. Community co-operation played a large part in the success of the affair. The Civic Arena was made available to the Girl Scouts without charge; churches lent tables; the school board provided manpower to set up tables, chairs, and microphones. The interest in Girl Scouting which was created by the dinner has been shown in many ways, not the least of which has been a gratifying increase in Girl Scout membership.

WHEN THE GIRLS of Senior Troop 1, Manchester, Connecticut, back in 1947, invited a Belgian Girl Guide attending the International Encampment at Baree, Pennsylvania, to visit their troop for a few weeks, they had no idea that this would lead to a European trip for their troop. But at the final campfire before their visitor sailed for home the dream was born. The girls obtained permission from their parents and the Girl Scout Council to go ahead with their plans, and then set out to raise the large sum of money which they estimated would be needed. How they earned it in two years is a story in itself, but earn it they did, and in June, 1949, they sailed from Quebec on the "Samaria." In England they spent five days at the All England Land Ranger Adventure Camp in Darbyshire, celebrated Fourth of July at Hampton Court, and had a memorable visit with Lady Baden-Powell. Crossing the Channel, they went first to Belgium to visit their Girl Guide friend; then to The Netherlands and France. In each of these countries their days were filled with camping, meetings with Girl Guides, and visits to historic places. Their next stop was Switzerland, where they spent four days at "Our Chalet." Then they headed for Paris, where they tried to see as much as possible of what they declared to be "this truly beautiful city," before leaving for home on September 30. The trip gave them many precious memories, but the girls felt that the most wonderful thing about it was the fact that they were conscious always of belonging to a great international organization, united by common ideals, and that they felt secure in the knowledge that they had friends everywhere.



Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

THE END



Drawing by S. HENNING

On the inside fold of the invitation was the message:

Learn About Your Future

Come to the Troop 15 Graduation Party
When—Saturday, May 5th at 3:00 o'clock
Where—At Our Regular Meeting Place
in the Community Center

Come in Costume—Dressed for Your Future
Look the Way You'd Like to in 1965
A Flier? A Teacher? Mother? Lion Tamer?

Meanwhile, Billie and her committee were busy with the decorations. They cut out big squares of brown wrapping paper, framed them with cardboard, and painted on them caricatures of what they thought each troop member would look like in 1965. These were hung on the walls. A "calendar tablecloth" covered the big table in one corner. The tablecloth was plain white paper originally, but the girls painted it to look like a huge calendar of 1965. In the center of the table they placed a big cornucopia from which poured scrolls, each labeled with a girl's name and tied with a colored ribbon.

On the day of the party, Mary Jo arrived first. She, of course, wore a smock and tam, carried a palette and brush, and said her name was really Rembrandina. Betty turned up with a baby carriage full of dolls and displayed a most motherly attitude toward them. Alice, who was not quite five feet tall, came on stilts and said that she hoped to be a tall person in 1965. Jeanie had somehow made a green dress look like an ultramodern Girl Scout leader's uniform and said she was the leader of Troop 15 in 1965. Grace came as a surgeon, dressed in white, carrying a stethoscope and surgical kit. Liz came as a pilot, with helmet, goggles, trim slacks and jacket, and earmuffs for earphones. And so it went till all these personalities of the future had gathered together for an afternoon of fun that included a costume parade and the following games:

WHO AM I?

The committee put a placard on each girl's back with the name of a famous woman on it. If a girl could guess who she was, she could take off that placard, and the committee would pin on another. Everyone circulated at once, asking questions of any girl she could buttonhole. By asking "Am I alive? Am I fictitious? Am I American? writer? painter?" and so on, Babs collected the most names after twenty minutes, when the game ended, and was awarded the prize—a twenty-five-cent pocket-size book of biographies.

ALIBIS

Jeanie started by asking them all to sit down while she told them about the theft of her mother's diamond necklace on the preceding night. At the end of the story, just as the girls were really worried, she said, "Now each of you has to tell in two minutes what you did last night to prove that you didn't take the necklace, and you'd better be careful or you'll spend your future in jail!"

Four of the girls couldn't prove their innocence and were jailed!

TOURIST

Because they probably would be traveling at least in the U.S.A. before settling down in one place, each girl was to outline a trip to and from a city she drew from a box. To do this she was to list each State she would pass through—skipping over

none! When Betsy listed Montana, Nevada, and Mississippi as the States she'd pass through to reach Tallahassee, the troop was in hysterics and Betsy decided to buy a map of the United States.

FORTUNES

Each girl wrote her name on a long slip of paper, folded it, and dropped it into a hat. Every girl drew a folded slip, and on the back of it wrote, in order: a color, a dimension, a hobby, a country, a career, a boy's name, an adjective, a flower, a town or city, a sum of money, a sport, and a number. Then the slips were unfolded, and each girl was given the one with her own name on it. Jeanie at this point gave out copies of a little story with blank spaces left for each word on the list. All the girls read their own fortunes aloud. Carol's fortune went like this: "Carol Graham, a purple-faced girl, two inches in height, loved to play pinochle. She lived in Alaska and was a tea-taster's assistant. There she met Bob Elmquist, a gorgeous fellow, and they were married. She carried a dandelion at her wedding and they went to live in Calcutta where Bob earned fifty million dollars a month and played checkers in the evening. They had seven-teen and a half children and lived happily ever after."

BY THIS TIME everyone was hungry. Soon Betty and her helpers appeared from the kitchen with trays of ginger ale, raisin-crunch sundaes, and little cakes. On each cake was a pennant attached to a colored toothpick and lettered with a saying, each one to be the motto for the future of whoever chose that cake. Some were serious, like: "Hitch your wagon to a star." Some were humorous, like: "Remember that digging wells is the only job where you can begin at the top," and: "Beware that after all is said and done, more is not said than done."

The raisin-crunch sundaes were simple to make, and everyone agreed that they were delicious. Here is the recipe for the topping, served over vanilla ice cream.

Saute ½ cup all-bran in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ½ cup honey and ¼ cup plumped seedless raisins. (To plump raisins, steam in a sieve over boiling water for 5 minutes.)

As the girls were served each was given her scroll from the cornucopia. This gave her an official degree of Survivor, Troop 15, and indicated that she could now prepare for her graduate work in S.G.S. (Senior Girl Scouting). Each girl took her scroll home with her as a souvenir of the occasion and also took along her picture (the brown paper caricature which had adorned the wall) autographed by everyone present.

When the party was over and everything was cleaned up, Mrs. Thomas congratulated the committee on their success and the committee said they wanted to have parties all the time.

"We've got a million ideas now," they said, "for outdoor parties, parties with boys, parties for our parents—"

"Then I know what your futures are going to be like," said Mrs. Thomas, "you're going to be a Party Manager's Bureau."

THE END

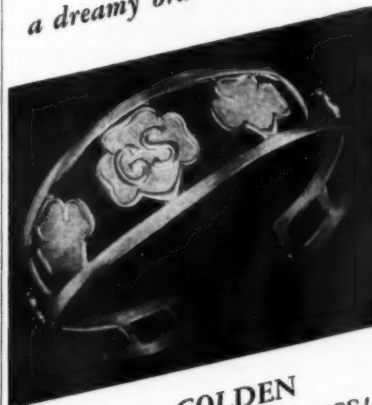
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Symbol of Recovery

(Continued from page 12)

soldier and in Indonesia for more than three years. My father is a chief of police; my mother, father, and I live in a little house in an outskirt of The Hague. We are a happy little family.

I have heard that the scholars in America mostly are full boarders. In Holland, we are day scholars. School life is a pretty nice life. We go very often to an exhibition, a concert, a dramatic piece or a puppet show, with all the boys and girls of our normal school and one or two teachers. The only difficulty is the money you have to pay for all these nice things. Oh, my poor pocket money!

I have often wondered: Are the kitchens in the U.S.A. really so magnificent, with a cool cupboard, and an electric furnace and an apparatus for the washing-up, all these very rich things, just like the pictures in "Life" will make us believe? It seems a paradise to me.

With many greetings and much love.

MAGHI AND MILA SPANI, Littoria, Italy: As you can judge from the color of our hair, we are of Northern extraction, but our parents were born in Italy and we are real Romans.

In summertime, we go for three months to the seashore. We like swimming and fishing very much, and our father is a good fisherman and he has taught us how to hook fish and how to dive to the depth of seven meters under the sea to pick up the fish.

Beside this, we love to visit Roman museums together with our grandfather who for many years was the Director of the Italian museums.

The picture I am looking at represents one of the wheat fields in the Pontine Marshes that were flooded by Germans during their retreat, but which have now become more flourishing than they were before.

An old aunt of ours lives there; and just think that immediately after the war it was impossible to get there because the trolley and the bridges had been destroyed, and we have to make a long trip riding a bike or on foot. Fortunately, the railroads are now working again as they did before, and there are also railroad cars more beautiful than ever before. We know that we owe all this to you Americans who gave us with the Marshall Plan the possibility to make so many nice and brand-new things.

ANNA MARIA AND GABRIELLA RIGACCI, Castelli Romani, Italy: We do not know the girls who will receive this photo and this letter of ours, but we have been told that it will be read by girls of our ages who live in America and who wish to know how we live in Italy, how we study and which are the advantages that the Marshall Plan gave to us.

As you can see from the photo, my sister is more interested in knitting and housework in general; on the other hand, I have finished my secondary school last year. I am now studying English. This language has become so important that the largest part of Italian pupils are studying it or would like to study it.

We own a small farm in the Castelli

Romani, the region where the famous Frascati wine is produced which you Americans love so much to drink when you come here.

We Italians cannot certainly compare our standard of life with yours as far as food, clothing and comforts are concerned; anyhow, we do not live any longer as we did after the war without houses or houses half destroyed, trains in bad conditions, and the schools occupied by those people who had lost their houses. Now things are much better off, and Father says that we already feel the influence of the Marshall Plan; as for instance, the chemical fertilizers that we use in our farm and the caterpillar came from America, and we are very grateful to you for all this.

We hope one day we can meet you personally. And you, can you come to Italy? Write to us immediately and accept many good wishes.

ANN HAMILTON (age 15) Stockport, Cheshire, England: I live in the heart of the cotton counties of England and I hear quite a lot about Marshall Aid because we in the cotton towns depend on it so very much, for the employment of our parents, machines for the mills, to produce the goods that we export to you and other dollar markets. Because we export so much of what we produce we find that we are short of all the nice things that we would like for ourselves. It is very difficult to buy a new Guide uniform or new tents for camp, but we realize that someday when we have closed the Dollar Gap, whatever that is, then we shall be able to buy lots of things from you and other countries.

Sometimes I help in the local hospital, making plaster bandages and serving the patients' meals and I often see mothers coming to collect orange juice for their babies. One of the nurses told me that most of the juice comes from your country under Marshall Aid, so you see everybody in England is helped by Marshall Aid—even the fathers and brothers who smoke, because most of the tobacco comes from you.

We are all very grateful for all the help we have been given but we hope that soon we shall be able to stand on our own feet and pay our way and everyone is working very hard so that we can sell more and more of our products for more dollars.

I hope that I shall hear from you soon.

OLWYN GRIFFITHS (age 15) Stockport, Cheshire, England: As a Girl Guide I have been invited in this letter to express my views on Marshall Aid to Great Britain and how I as a schoolgirl am affected by it. It must, of course, be understood that such an important matter as Marshall Aid can be touched on only briefly.

As products are fairly evenly distributed, we have found that it is only by trial and error that any percentage can be discovered in such a vast experiment as Marshall Aid.

The feeding of our population with a correctly balanced diet is of course of the greatest importance. The shortage of fats is greatly felt in this country, and therefore an increase in dairy products would be welcomed. At home we find that there are very little fats for making homemade cakes. I know that in our company a number of Guides have experienced setbacks in preparing for their Cook's badge as most mothers are unwilling to allow their daughters

to experiment with the meager ration.

We all appreciate the aid given to us in the Marshall Plan, since in every direction its benefits are felt, in the purchase of our school uniform, the food we eat, petrol for transport and raw materials for factories are all being assisted by the Marshall Aid Plan. In return you are assured that largely due to the Marshall Plan you have prevented your nearest neighbor and best customer from sinking into economic ruin from which it would take years to recover.

While appreciating the help given to the population of Great Britain, everyone is anxious that by hard work and self-denial, the end of the term of Marshall Aid will see the Dollar Gap closed, and Great Britain will once again resume her important position in world economic affairs.

THE END

Thirty Trips to Washington

(Continued from page 9)

"And the kids can get up to see me. Both Lem and Bob have cars!" added Red.

But to Dr. Oliver's disappointment her elation did not last. Before they reached Ludlow Mountain, the lassitude that so worried him was upon her again.

Every patient at Fairview Sanitarium had a room opening on a wide veranda overlooking a panorama of forest, valley, and mountains. Red spent most of every day on this veranda. Dr. Oliver hoped that the bracing air, the good food, and the routine orthopedic treatments would soon bring color to her pale cheeks and vigor to the inert legs. But after the first excitement of settling into the new life had passed, a dull apathy enveloped the girl.

Miss Thomas, the nurse, shook her head. "She just won't eat," she told Dr. Oliver. "She seems to be lost in a world of her own. She doesn't seem to care if she never walks again—she just won't try."

It was true. Red lived in a world of her own. She was imagining every detail of the journey to Washington. She pictured the class bumping merrily along in the big bus—the hilarity, the kidding, the jokes, and songs. And then, after the seven or eight hours of riding, the arrival!

Years ago, before his death, her father had described it all to her: the dazzling splendor of the Capitol dome, the long stretch of the Mall, the airy grace of the Washington Monument. "It looks good in any sky," her father had said. "Rain or shine, snow or sleet, it soars up as fast as it can go, straight to heaven!" And the Lincoln Memorial, loveliest of them all; and the Lee Mansion, a cameo against the green of the Virginia shore. She was seeing them all now in her mind's eye—all the beautiful things she had expected to see with her classmates. For four years the vision had been there, something to work toward, to save and slave for, and now—now she would never go—never—never!

She was aroused from these gloomy thoughts by Dr. Oliver. "Young lady, how would you like to have some visitors?"

Red gave a slight shrug. "Who?" she asked indifferently.

"Who do you think?" retorted the doctor, "Some of your friends, of course."

"How long have I been here, anyway?" asked Red. Every day was so like every

other day that it was an effort to remember. "Why," she added, "it's been more than a week. I suppose the kids are back."

"And very anxious to come and see you," Miss Thomas bustled up. "Come," she suggested, "we'll pretty you up a bit. A visit from your friends will be a tonic for you."

Bob's car arrived first, spilling out Helen and Sally and Mike. Five minutes later came the others. Miss Thomas ushered them all out on the veranda.

"Hi, Red, how're you doing?"

Red smiled. "I'm getting along fine, I guess," she replied.

Lem looked at the mountains turning to amethyst in the golden light of late afternoon. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, "I wish all I had to do was lie and look at that!"

The little, fixed smile stayed on Red's face. "Did you enjoy the trip to Washington?" she inquired politely.

Then the chattering began. They all talked at once. It had been wonderful, marvelous, swell. The cherry blossoms were out. Lem had tried to swipe a blossom as it hung over the White House fence. And the Lincoln Memorial was too, too beautiful. Carter had liked the Jefferson Memorial better.

"Those two," jibed Mike blithely, "almost came to blows—Carter and Dot. Dot sat on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial and Carter at the foot of old Jeff's and they yelled back and forth till I thought we'd have to call the police!"

"And Rock Creek Park—did you see that?" asked Red. She was recalling all the beloved names her father used to talk about.

"Sure!" answered Bob. "It was fun."

"We had six rides apiece on the roller coaster," added Lem, grinning broadly.

"And the Library of Congress?" prodded Red.

"Oh, yes," cried Sally brightly, "miles of books. I never saw so many in my life!"

And so it went on and on. All the well-loved names of the places so eagerly and so long anticipated by Red rolled glibly off their tongues—Arlington and the grave of the Unknown Soldier, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and the Pan-American Building!

AFTER A TIME Dr. Oliver sent them all away. Miss Thomas stared curiously after them, an inscrutable smile on her lips.

That night, as she prepared Red for bed, Miss Thomas asked casually, "When were your friends in Washington?"

"Why, they just got back a day or two ago," answered Red. "It was our senior-class trip. We'd planned it way back in our freshman year. We made and saved every cent ourselves—over thirteen hundred dollars. Thirteen hundred and seven dollars and forty-three cents, to be exact."

"M'm-m," murmured Miss Thomas. "But I must say," she went on, "they saw the strangest things! I lived in Washington ten years, but I never saw cherry blossoms hanging over the White House fence. The cherry trees are around the Tidal Basin, a good half mile from the White House. And as for the Library of Congress, no mere visitor ever sees miles of books. They see only the marble entrance hall with some rare books exhibited here and there in glass cases."

Red stared at the nurse incredulously. "Maybe," she said, "maybe things are different now. When were you there last?"

"Not quite two years ago," replied Miss Thomas drily. Then she went on, "And if you sit on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial you can't even see the Jefferson Memorial. But

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Jokes

COW-CULATION

A city girl, visiting her uncle on the farm, was watching a cow chew her cud. "Pretty fine cow," said the uncle as he came by. "Yes," said the girl, "but doesn't it cost a lot to keep her in chewing gum?"

Sent by VIRGINIA LEE STURDIVAN, Guyman, Oklahoma

SALAD SECRET

MRS. JONES: This salad tastes terrible. Did you wash the lettuce, Milly?
MILLY: Yes, ma'am. Even with soap.

Sent by DORIS DENHAM, Ludlow, Kentucky

CONFUSED COWHAND

COWHAND: Aren't you putting your saddle on backward, sir?
DUDE RANCHER: That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I am going!

Sent by LILLIAN FITZPATRICK, Kennebec, South Dakota

SOME STATE

BOY (saying prayers): . . . and please make Buffalo the capital of Florida.
MOTHER: Why do you ask that, son?
BOY: Because that's what I wrote on my geography exam.

Sent by JEANETTE BUCK, Port Arthur, Texas

NAIL FILE

MARY: Do you file your fingernails?
JANE: No, I throw them away.

Sent by BEVERLY RANSLOW, Millville, Massachusetts

DEFINITELY!

KAY: Tell me the definition of nonsense.

BOB: Anelephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy.

Sent by RACHEL HIGGINS, Bisbee, Arizona

DIRGE

BILL: Can you carry a tune?

JACK: Certainly.

BILL: Well, carry that one you just finished out in the back yard and bury it.

Sent by CLAUDETTE ERSKINE, Pocatello, Idaho

WHAT HAPPENED?

FATHER: My shaving brush is very stiff this morning.

SON: That's funny. It was nice and soft yesterday when I painted my bicycle with it.

Sent by LOUISE BERNHARDT, Kannapolis, North Carolina

WASTED EFFORT

MOTHER: Jimmy, didn't I tell you to wash your hands before you play the piano?

JIMMY: Yes, Mother, but this week I'm practicing on the black keys.

Sent by BERNICE KOONTZ, Somerset, Pennsylvania

A TEASPOON?

MARY: Do you stir your tea with your right hand?

ALICE: Yes.

MARY: Why, that's funny, I always stir mine with a spoon!

Sent by ESTHER HERFORTH, Millard, Nebraska

SOFT SOAP

ANN: I made a terrible mistake this morning. I gave my family bowls of soap flakes instead of corn flakes.

JANE: Were they angry?

ANN: Angry! They foamed at the mouth.

Sent by HELEN HORN, Iola, Kansas



"Judy, have you seen Daddy?"

the funniest thing of all was what that boy said about Rock Creek Park—going on the roller coaster! Why, Rock Creek Park has just the creek and woods and lovely roads to drive along or to go horseback riding. Oh, there's the zoo, of course, and a little restaurant. But a roller coaster!"

Red lay very still. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes looked so bewildered that Miss Thomas felt compunction. "There, now," she said soothingly, "perhaps I should have kept my mouth shut. I'll give you a sleeping pill tonight. Your company has excited you!"

Whether Red slept that night she didn't say. But the nurse who brought her breakfast the next morning took one look at her and exclaimed, "I do declare you are better this morning. Do you realize that you actually moved your toes?"

Red nodded without speaking. A flush appeared on her thin cheeks and her mouth, which of late had acquired a droop, looked suddenly straight and firm. The rest of the morning she lay on the veranda and let the sunshine pour over her. The dark pines had bright new green tips like lighted candles on every branch. A downy woodpecker tapping away on a near-by tree made a tiny dot of scarlet. A fresh breeze lifted Red's curls and flowed like cool water over her face, bringing a feeling of new life. The old lassitude and hopelessness were gone. She felt at once very, very humble and very, very happy. Those kids! The precious, darling wretches! A lump rose in her throat, and the landscape blurred before her eyes.

"I have to get well!" she whispered. "It's the only way I can repay them!"

WHEN Dr. Oliver came in that afternoon Helen and Sally were with him. Red looked up at them with sparkling eyes and said softly, "You wonderful, wonderful friends!"

"Why, Red, what do you—?" Helen began. "Roller coasters in Rock Creek Park," Red interrupted dreamily. "Cherry blossoms on the White House fence."

"What are you talking about?" Sally demanded, exchanging a worried look with Helen.

Red ignored them. "Doctor," she asked, "If I keep on wriggling my toes a little more each day, could I possibly be walking again in four months?"

The doctor gave her a shrewd look over his spectacles.

"Because," Red went on, "ten dollars a day is three hundred or so a month and four times that is twelve hundred dollars and that will leave one hundred and seven dollars and forty-three cents for a celebration with the grandest class in the world when I walk out of here—and I am going to walk out of here. That's the least I can do."

Her eyes were shining with tears. Helen and Sally rushed over to the bed.

"Oh, Red," Sally cried, "You look so different! Now I know you are going to walk again."

"You've had us all so worried," Helen added.

"Pretty expensive treatment," Dr. Oliver said gruffly. "Cost thirty or so trips to Washington, but they worked a cure when I couldn't."

Red wriggled her toes and laughed up at them. "How can you keep a girl down when she has friends like these? I'm so humble, so proud of them, and so grateful."

THE END



EARL CORDREY

**Whose Typical American Girl Is
Our April Cover Girl**

What does the typical American girl look like? Six distinguished American artists generously agreed to paint their concept of the typical American girl for the Girl Scout organization. One of these paintings is reproduced on our cover this month. Others will appear in coming months.

Earl Cordrey had no long and difficult search for the model in his painting. Viewing his own fourteen-year-old daughter Sandra with the eyes of a professional artist, he felt that she had most of the characteristics necessary.

An interest in art began in childhood for Earl Cordrey. His mother encouraged him to develop his talent, and he studied art at night school, working at odd jobs during the day. After five years of study and hard work, he sold his first illustration to Callier's Magazine. His hobby is landscape painting; his favorite sport, riding in the desert.

The six original paintings of the typical American girl will be exhibited throughout the country by local Girl Scout groups, so you may be able to see them in your home town.

Important Announcement!

**AWARDS TO BE GIVEN FOR BEST LETTERS
ON TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL PAINTINGS**

WOULD YOU like to own a set of reproductions of the Typical American Girl Paintings by distinguished American artists? The American Girl Magazine is offering you a chance to win a set.

From time to time during the coming months, reproductions of these paintings will appear on the cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL. The first one, by Earl Cordrey, is on this month's cover. When all the paintings have appeared, compare them carefully. Then write to us a letter answering these questions: Which painting do you like best and why? Does your favorite painting represent your own idea of the typical American girl? If so, why? If not, why not?

IMPORTANT: Be sure to save your copies of the magazine which have the reproductions on the covers. You'll want the covers to study together so that you can decide on your favorite. And you'll need the photographs of the artists that appear in the same issues. To be eligible for an award, your letter must be accompanied by these photographs, clipped from the magazine. So be sure to save the photograph of Earl Cordrey on this page.

To the writers of the seven best letters, the American Girl Magazine will send a portfolio containing the reproductions of all the original Typical American Girl Paintings, suitable for framing. In addition, an award of \$10 will be given to the writer of the winning letter. A \$5 award will be given for the second-best letter, and there will be five Honorable Mention awards of \$1 each.

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

1. Write a letter, not more than 500 words, answering these questions: Which of the Typical American Girl Paintings do you like the best and why? Does this painting represent your own idea of the typical American girl? If so, why? If not, why not?
2. Letters must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
3. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, type or print your name, address, and age.
4. Attach to your letter the photographs of the artists who did the paintings. An artist's photograph will appear in each issue when a painting is reproduced on the cover.
5. All letters submitted become the property of

The American Girl Magazine, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Judging will be based mainly on the ideas expressed, and the decision of the judges is final.

6. Don't write your letter until all the paintings have appeared. Write one letter when you have seen and compared all the paintings.

7. The closing date of the contest, and instructions for addressing your letters, will be announced later in the magazine. Meanwhile be sure to save your copies of the magazine which have the Typical American Girl Paintings on the covers.

Remember that your letter will not be eligible for an award unless it is accompanied by the photographs of the artists, clipped from the magazines.

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In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

SAMPLERS ARE FUN

If you could make a tour of the historical museums in this country and abroad, you probably would find that many of them display proudly at least one sampler made by a girl of long ago. Some of these pieces of needlecraft may be more than three hundred years old, for the art of making samplers goes back many centuries.

A sampler embroidered by Miles Standish's daughter, Loara, is believed to be the first one made in this country, and is now exhibited in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts. And perhaps museums of the future will treasure samplers executed by girls of today, for needlewomen still practice this fascinating art, especially in this country.

Originally "samplers" were merely samples of stitches and designs used in household needlework, and were made by the little girls of the family as they learned the art of needlework from their mothers. As time went on, girls embroidered leaf and flower motifs, proverbs and poems in colors on their samplers. Because of this, "sampler" came to mean "an example of one's skill."

In the pioneer days of this country, children frequently had to walk long distances to school, and it was not always possible for the smaller children to attend. So little girls, and even little boys, learned their letters by embroidering the alphabet on samplers. This is why you will often find old samplers embroidered with both capital and small letters. Little children sometimes learned their numbers in this way also.

In recent years original and beautiful designs—truly artistic creations—have been worked out in the stitches once laboriously copied by small fingers as a daily "stint." Samplers made by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. have been shown in many exhibitions, and are distinguished for their beautiful and unusual designs. Other samplers really might be called tapestries, like the large wall hangings recently exhibited by Mrs. Martha Swale Smith, which represent twenty-five episodes from the history of the Swale family.

Today, samplers are no longer a school-girl's chore, but a fascinating hobby which even the inexperienced needlewoman will find good fun, and which can become a fascinating medium of self-expression.

REWARDS OF PATIENCE

Picture an auditorium crowded with most of the country's leading scientists, every one listening intently to a woman speaker. She is describing a relationship between cancer

and fungi, and probably few scientific papers have aroused keener interest among laymen as well as scientists.

The occasion was the 116th meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held recently in New York City.

The speaker was Dr. Irene Corey Diller, a zoologist at the Institute for Cancer Research, in Philadelphia. Among the more than two thousand papers read before this meeting of the Association, none was more newsworthy than that of this retiring woman researcher, who is the wife of a professor of

Big Names in the Animal Kingdom

If you were studying ancient mythology, and decided to name your dog, horse, or cat after a fabled animal, what names would you be likely to choose?

ANSWERS

DOG—Cerberus, after the three-headed dog which, according to the ancient Greeks, guarded the entrance to the infernal regions.
HORSE—Pegasus, after the winged horse believed to have sprung from the body of Medusa or her death.
CAT—Bubastis, after the cat goddess of the early Egyptians.

zoology at the University of Pennsylvania. According to her paper, the results of more than a year's research had indicated an association between cancer and various types of fungi. In every tumor tested, a specific form of fungus had been discovered—fifteen in all.

Fungi are vegetable organisms invisible to the naked eye; it is necessary to stain them with dyes in order to study them under the microscope. Some fungi, such as the mold from which penicillin is derived, are the source of untold benefit to mankind. Others, like that which causes athlete's foot, are a source of considerable annoyance and discomfort.

While there was no suggestion in Dr. Diller's paper that the fungi she had observed were the cause of the cancers tested, her findings were hailed as opening up new fields for medical and scientific exploration. Bit by bit, with infinite patience, Dr. Diller and other scientists are accumulating a vast store of knowledge concerning this disease.

The ultimate discovery of its cause and cure will be only the crowning achievement in the painstaking research to which thousands of men and women scientists are dedicating their lives.

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM RETORTS!

Gold! The quest for it has led men across uncharted seas, into the frozen North and the depths of steaming jungles. For centuries men have clung stubbornly to the belief that other substances could be changed into gold. And now, with atom-splitting, this actually has been done.

Dr. Arthur J. Dempster, of the Argonne National Laboratory, recently reported that a small portion of mercury, after being bombarded for two weeks by neutrons in an atomic pile, was transformed into gold. It is an interesting scientific experiment, but hardly a practical way of increasing the gold supply, for the cost of changing the mercury into gold is many times the current official price of thirty-five dollars an ounce for gold.

For thousands of years men practiced the art or "science" of alchemy, seeking to discover a way to change base metals, such as lead, into gold, and to prolong life indefinitely. In China, where alchemy is believed to have been practiced centuries before Christ, gold was thought to have the power of prolonging life, and these long-ago alchemists hoped to produce from the precious metal an elixir which would make men immortal.

But as time went on, men developed the belief that in the transmuting of other metals into gold they had a means of increasing wealth. One of their favorite devices, according to records of experiments by Egyptian alchemists in the early days of the Christian era, was "doubling gold"—fusing an equal amount of baser metals with pure gold.

They believed that metals were "generated" and "grew" in the mines, the baser metals turning into gold through natural processes. So they sought to duplicate these processes, and in the course of their experiments, invented the furnaces, retorts, and other equipment needed to melt and distill their weird compounds. From these crude beginnings have developed the familiar equipment and techniques of our modern chemical laboratories.

With the rise of true chemistry as a science, alchemy fell into disrepute. But its age-old dream of making gold always has been considered a theoretical possibility—and has now become a scientific reality.

THE END

Are you in the know?



How to decide about a Spring suit?

- ☐ Buy it and diet
- ☐ Pick a pastel shade
- ☐ Take a stroll

You *adore* the suit! But how about *fit*? Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that “live” at the cleaner’s. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you Kotex absorbency. How? By trying all 3!



If you'd stop going steady—

- ☐ Start feudin' and fightin'
- ☐ Send him his class ring
- ☐ Tell him your sentiments

Suddenly, your heart—or noggin—tells you the “one and only” deal is not your dish. Should you “sledge-hammer” the issue? Or just silently break away? Ixnay! Tell him your sentiments, *tactfully*. Then no-one's bitter and your rating's still tops. Beware of making enemies... and on “those” days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special *safety center* designed for your *extra protection*!



What's the newest eye-catcher?

- ☐ The nape of her neck
- ☐ The dangling earrings
- ☐ The hiked hemline

Get you! Echoing your Mom's prom get-ups (almost)! You're daring the new “twenties trend.” But with that shingle—sister, the nape of your neck's showing. So, when applying makeup base and dazzle-dust, don't stop at the chin line. Give your *neck* a break—all around. Prom time need never hold problem-time “nightmares”; not if you've chosen Kotex. That's because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!



If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

- ☐ Beside the belle
- ☐ On the opposite side
- ☐ On your squire's lap

Maybe you've heard that a gentleman's place should always be on the outside. You guess that goes for all occasions. 'Tain't so, though, in wheelodom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you wimmin.

And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar “woes” with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that *holds its shape*. You're at ease from the first rhumba to the goodnight waltz!



More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



For extra comfort on “those” days, should you—

- ☐ Stay in bed
- ☐ Go square-dancing
- ☐ Buy a nylon belt

Comfort doesn't call for cod-dling—or “square” fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with DuPont nylon elastic—won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's strong, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new *firm-grip fastener* is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:

Pin style
and with new
safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform® Belt
Buy two—for a change



Refreshment... Real Refreshment

Looking pleasant is so easy at the soda fountain. There's good humor and good company all around you.

And, before you is *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. That's a lot for 5 cents

—a lot of real refreshment.



Coca-Cola
"Coke"

Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

5¢

